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THESIS

CHARACTER DELINEATION IN

THE NOVELS OF

~~MR.~~ JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY

PHYLLIS PETERS JOHNSON
(B.S. S.D. STATE COLLEGE)
1929

submitted in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree
of Master of Arts.
1933

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INTRODUCTION

Ever since man first wrote he has recorded his interest in the people about him. Down through the ages he has expressed the universal experience of knowing and appreciating personalities, of coming under the influence of people he has loved, or hated, of vicarious rejoicing and suffering, of trying to get outside of his own mind into the minds of others. For the man who has seeing eyes and a sympathetic nature there is still no greater pleasure in life than studying the people around him; all of us appreciate, in varying degrees, the benefits and drawbacks of not being sufficient unto ourselves. Once in a while there comes a genius at understanding human nature who develops the ability to express perfectly his comprehension, so that the characters whom he portrays are as real to us as the men and women and children who move among us every day. There are, of course, always two prerequisites to any really great and lasting literary work, the *verity* of the subject matter, and beauty of expression. A novelist usually possesses, before he begins to write, a keen interest in personalities; he struggles for the perfection of form; and as the latter evolves, the author's own mind broadens and ripens, until the fruit of the labor is the creation of characters like Jolyon and Irene and Soames who are as dear and real and puzzling to us as our own acquaintances.

This paper deals with Mr. John Galsworthy's more obvious methods of writing about people so that they live; with the evolution of the way in which he perfects and combines these

INTRODUCTION

Ever since the first words he has recorded his interest in the people around him. Down through the ages he has expressed the universal experience of knowing and sympathizing personally with the influence of people he has loved, or hated, of vicarious rejoicing and suffering, of trying to get outside of his own mind into the minds of others. For the man who has seeing eyes and a sympathetic nature there is still no greater pleasure in life than studying the people around him; all of us appreciate, in varying degrees, the benefits and drawbacks of not being sufficient unto ourselves. Once in a while there comes a genius at understanding human nature who develops the ability to express perfectly his comprehension, so that the characters whom he portrays are as real to us as the men and women and children who move among us every day. There are, of course, always two preconditions to any really great and lasting literary work; the reality of the subject matter, and beauty of expression. A novelist usually possesses, before he begins to write, a keen interest in personalities; he returns for the perfection of form; and as the latter evolves, the author's own mind broadens and ripens, until the fruit of the labor is the creation of characters like John and Irene and Gomer who are as dear and real and puzzling to us as our own acquaintances.

This paper deals with Mr. John Galsworthy's more obvious methods of writing about people so that they live; with the evolution of the way in which he portrays and compares these

methods, until he reaches the climax in The Man of Property. Having attained this success, Mr. Galsworthy uses the same general pattern of character delineation. No detailed study of his methods in his more recent novels is included here. The less obvious contribution to the creating of reality in Mr. Galsworthy's characters is, of course, traceable to the ripened richness of the experiences and mind of the author himself.

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I. EXPOSITION

Exposition in novels serves as one of the means of direct delineation of characters. The author presents in a direct manner information which the reader must know in order that he may understand the characters and their positions in the story. This material is given unbeknown to the characters concerned, and, also, without self-examination, action, or speech on their part. This information presented by exposition is equivalent to asides in drama. Well selected exposition concerning the individuals provides background for the story and vivifies the characters. By the expository method are provided such important data concerning the character as follows: the period in which he lives; his nationality; his rank in society; his occupation; his mode of living; his principles and ideals; his norms for judging; his religion or philosophy; his education and experiences; his mental traits; his responses to people, conditions, and things; his habits and hobbies; his likes and dislikes; his sympathies and misunderstandings; his strengths and weaknesses. In fact, any information that will contribute to the development and reality of a character may be expressed as exposition.

A novelist may show a partial or an impartial attitude toward the character he is delineating. A partial attitude may express friendliness or hostility, admiration or distrust. It is just as natural for a writer to express his personal reactions to the figure he is developing as it is for one individual to express an attitude toward another. However, a partial attitude of the novelist may result in an unfair portrayal, since the

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express an attitude toward another. However, a partial attitude
of the novelist may result in an unfair portrayal, since the

reader does not receive a complete and unbiased account from which he himself may judge; therefore, the result is better if the narrator remains impartial in setting forth his materials so that the reader may react to the content of the material rather than to the author's attitude toward it. It is not man's nature to be impartial to the people in whom he has a really keen interest; so the characters who are presented through a partial attitude ring truer than those who are presented from an impartial and disinterested point of view. It is because of Mr. Galsworthy's partial portrayal that his characters live.

Exposition as a means of character delineation is a form which is very inadequate in the earliest novels of Mr. Galsworthy and which is developed in his later novels so that it becomes powerful and delightful. This expository material is presented gradually so that the characters develop for the reader just as learning similar facts about people helps to promote a friendship or to nurture a dislike. In ~~the~~ Villa Rubein there is little characterization by exposition for the material is not selected to develop the characters but rather to explain situations. These characters are not explained to the reader but are described and then given speeches and actions. Although none of the methods of delineation are forcefully employed in portraying the group of foreign figures who gather at the Villa Rubein, the result would surely have been better had the exposition been well selected.

Alois Harz, an artist, is not a complete figure as he is portrayed. Mr. Galsworthy attempts to explain to the reader

reader does not receive a complete and balanced account from which he himself may judge; therefore, the result is better in the restricted knowledge, especially in the case of the material that the reader may receive in the content of the material rather than to the author's attitude toward it. It is not man's nature to be impartial to the people in whom he has a really keen interest; so the characters who are presented through a partial attitude are more than those who are presented from an impartial and disinterested point of view. It is because of Mr. Galsworthy's partial portrayal that his characters live. Exposition as a means of character delineation is a form which is very inadequate in the earliest novels of Mr. Galsworthy and which is developed in his later novels so that it becomes powerful and delightful. This expository material is presented gradually so that the characters develop for the reader just as learning about facts about people helps to remove a friendship or to nurture a dislike. In the Wild Swans there is little characterization by exposition for the material is not selected to develop the characters but rather to explain others. These characters are not explained to the reader but are described and then given speeches and actions. Although some of the methods of delineation are forcibly applied in portraying the group of foreign friends who gather at the Villa Humber, the result would surely have been better had the exposition been well selected.

Alfred Galsworthy, an Englishman, is not a complete Englishman as he is portrayed. Mr. Galsworthy attempts to explain to the reader

the reason for Harz's actions and views by having him tell his own story of his life to Christian Devorell. This is not sufficiently expressed to justify Harz's animosities, while the author might have emphasized the influencing factors and the result on his character by some direct exposition of Harz's peculiarities. Because of this absence of exposition there is an abstractness about the characters. Their lives are not real; the expression of their feelings and thoughts are without foundation.

The character of Herr Paul is the best one which is presented by exposition.

"Paul von Morawitz had been left an orphan at the age of ten, and without a solitary ancestral acre. Instead of acres, he inherited the faith that nothing was too good for a von Morawitz. In later years his savoir faire enabled him to laugh at it, but it stayed quietly with him all the same.

.....

He had an admirable appetite for pleasure; a man-about-town's life suited him. He went his genial, unreflecting, costly way, in Vienna, Paris, London. He loved exclusively those towns, and boasted that he was as much at home in one as in another. He combined an exuberant vitality with fastidiousness of palate, and devoted both to the acquisition of a special taste in women, weeds, and wines; above all things he was blessed with a wonderful digestion." (1)

Delineation of a character by means of exposition is better used in The Island Pharisees. Only one character is portrayed by

(1) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, pages 21, 22

the reason for Marx's notions and views by having him tell his own story of his life as a Christian Jeweler. This is not sufficient-ly expressed to justify Marx's animosities, while the author might have emphasized the influence of factors and the result on his character by some direct exposition of Marx's peculiarities. Because of this absence of exposition there is an abstractness about the characters. Their lives are not real; the expression of their feelings and thoughts are without foundation. The character of Herr Paul is the best one which is presented by exposition.

"Paul von Kowatz had been left an orphan at the age of ten and without a solitary ancestral acre. Instead of acres, he inherited the faith that nothing was too good for a von Kowatz. In later years his sturdy faith enabled him to laugh at it, but it stayed quietly with him all the same.

.....

He had an insatiable appetite for pleasure; a man-about-town's life suited him. He went his genial, unreflecting, costly way, in Vienna, Paris, London. He loved exclusively those towns, and boasted that he was as much at home in one as in another. He combined an exuberant vitality with fastidiousness of palate, and devoted both to the acquisition of a special taste in women, wine, and wine; above all things he was blessed with a wonderful digestion." (1)

Definition of a character by means of exposition is better used in The Idiot. Only one character is portrayed (1) John Galsworthy, Villa Ighite, pages 21, 22

this method but this single use shows the quality and the selection of material that is typical of Mr. Galsworthy's best writing. This passage, which has material that is usually presented as direct exposition, yet which is here given as Richard Shelton's observation, contributes to the development of Mrs. Dennant. She is the too-highly cultivated English lady of position who is a powerful and influential figure in spite of her place with the minor figures in the background of the story.

"In his intercourse with Mrs. Dennant, Shelton never failed to mark the typical nature of her personality. It always seemed to him that he had met so many other ladies like her. He felt that her undoubtable quality had a non-individual flavour, as if standing for her class. She thought that standing for herself was not the thing; yet she was full of character.

.....

Shelton knew that she had many interests; she was never really idle, from the time (7 A.M.) when her maid brought her a little china pot of tea with a single biscuit and her pet dog, Tops, till eleven o'clock at night, when she lighted a wax candle in a silver candlestick, and with this in one hand, and in the other a new novel, or, better still, one of those charming volumes written by great people about the still greater people they have met, she said good-night to her children and her guests. No! What with photography, the presidency of a local league, visiting the rich, superintending all the poor, gardening, reading, keeping all her ideas so tidy that no foreign notion might stray in, she was never idle. The information she collected from these sources

...and this shows the quality and the value
of material that is typical of Mr. Tolstoy's best writing.
The passage, which has material that is usually presented as
almost exacting, yet which is here given as Richard Stollen's
observation, contrasts to the development of Mrs. Bennett. She
is the too-highly cultivated English lady of position who is a
powerful and influential figure in spite of her place with the
other figures in the background of the story.

"In the interview with Mrs. Bennett, Stollen never failed
to mark the typical nature of her personality. It always seemed
to him that he had met as many other ladies like her. He felt
that her undoubted quality had a non-individual flavor, as if
standing far behind her. She brought that standing far behind
was not the same; yet she was full of character.

.....
Stollen knew that she had many interests; she was never
really idle. From the time (A.M.) when her maid brought her a
little china pot of tea with a silver biscuit and her pet dog,
till eleven o'clock at night, when she lighted a wax candle
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other a new novel, or, better still, one of those charming volumes
written by great people about the still greater people they have
met, she sat good-night to her children and her guests. No!
That with photography, the presidency of a local league, visiting
the rich, entertaining all the poor, gardening, reading, writing
all her ideas so that no foreign notion might stray in, and
was never idle. The information she collected from these sources

was both vast and varied, but she never let it flavour her opinions, which lacked sauce, and were drawn from some sort of dish into which, with all her class, she dipped her fingers.

He liked her. No one could help liking her. She was kind, and of such good quality, with a suggestion about her of thin, excellent, and useful china; and she was scented, too--not with verberna, violets, or those essences which women love, but with nothing, as if she had taken stand against all meretricity. In her intercourse with persons not 'quite the thing' (she excepted the vicar from this category, though his father had dealt in haberdashery), her refinement, gently, unobtrusively, and with great practical good sense, seemed continually to murmur, 'I am, and you--well, are you, don't you know?' But there was no self-consciousness about this attitude, for she was really not a common woman. She simply could not help it; all her people had done this. Their nurses breathed above them in their cradles something that, inhaled into their systems, ever afterwards prevented them from taking good, clear breaths. And her manner!--Ah! her manner--it concealed the inner woman so as to leave doubt of her existence!" (2)

The family of Dennants is a solid, independent unit. That quality of unity is well expressed by a paragraph of exposition which recalls to the reader's mind the essential characteristics and customs of a Dennant.

"The luncheon hour at Holm Oaks was, as in many well-bred country houses--out of the shooting season, be it understood--

(2) John Galsworthy, *The Island Pharisees*, pages 195, 196, 197

was both vast and varied, but she never let it flounders out
 of her mind, which lacked sense, and were drawn from some sort of
 idea into which, with all her class, she dipped her fingers.
 He liked her. He could help himself to her. She was kind,
 and of such good quality, with a suggestion about her of this,
 excellent, and useful ideas; and she was accepted, too--not with
 verities, violence, or those sentences which women love, but with
 nothing, as if she had taken about herself all her life. In
 her intercourse with persons not 'quite the thing' (and accepted
 the view from this category, though his father had been in
 her category), her refinement, gently, unobtrusively, and with
 great practical good sense, seemed especially to matter. 'I am,
 and you--well, are you, don't you know?' But there was no self-
 consciousness about this attitude, for she was really not a
 common woman. She simply could not help it; all her people had
 done this. Their women preached above them in their cradles
 something that, inhaled into their system, ever afterwards pre-
 vented them from taking good, clear breath. And her manner!--
 Ah! her manner--it concealed the inner woman so as to leave doubt
 of her existence! (2)

The family of Bennett is a solid, independent unit. That
 quality of unity is well expressed by a paragraph of exposition
 which recalls to the reader's mind the essential characteristics
 and customs of a Bennett.

"The luncheon-hour at John Galt's was, as in many well-fre-
 quented houses--out of the obvious reason, he is understood--
 (2) John Galt's. The island Pharisae, pages 102, 103, 104

the soulful hour. The ferment of the daily doings was then at its full height, and the clamour of its conversation on the weather, and the dogs, the horses, neighbours, cricket, golf, was mingled with a literary murmur; for the Dennants were superior, and it was quite usual to hear remarks like these: 'Have you read that charmin' thing of Poser's?' or, 'Yes, I've got the new edition of old Bablington: delightfully bound--so light.' And it was in July that Holm Oaks, as a gathering-place of the elect, was at its best. For in July it had become customary to welcome there many of those poor souls from London who arrived exhausted by the season, and than whom no seamstress in a two-pair back could better have earned a holiday. The Dennants themselves never went to London for the season. It was their good pleasure not to. A week or fortnight of it satisfied them. They had a radical weakness for fresh air, and Antonia, even after her presentation two seasons back, had insisted on returning home, stigmatizing London balls as 'stuffy things.' " (3)

The Man of Property, which was written only two years after The Island Pharisees, shows Mr. Galsworthy's "complete mastery of his materials and of his art." (4) Here the author opens his story with the characterization of the family of Forsytes as a unit. The individuals in this large family are fundamentally the same, so this rapid and clear delineation serves as an excellent and reliable foundation from which individual figures may develop.

(3) John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, pages 210, 211

(4) John W. Cunliffe, English Literature During the Last Half Century.

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"Those privileged to be present at a family festival of the Forsytes have seen that charming and instructive sight--an upper middle-class family in full plumage. But whosoever of these favoured persons has possessed the gift of psychological analysis (a talent without monetary value and properly ignored by the Forsytes), has witnessed a spectacle, not only delightful in itself, but illustrative of an obscure human problem. In plainer words, he has gleaned from a gathering of this family--no branch of which had a liking for the other, between no three members of whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy--evidence of that mysterious concrete tenacity which renders a family so formidable a unit of society, so clear a reproduction of society in miniature. He has been admitted to a vision of the dim roads of social progress, has understood something of patriarchal life, of the swarmings of savage hordes, of the rise and fall of nations. He is like one who, having watched a tree grow from its planting a paragon of tenacity, insulation, and success, amidst the deaths of a hundred other plants less fibrous, sappy, and persistent--one day will see it flourishing with bland, full foliage, in an almost repugnant prosperity, at the summit of its efflorescence.

On June 15, eighteen eighty-six, about four of the afternoon, the observer who chanced to be present at the house of old Jolyon Forsyte in Stanhope Gate, might have seen the highest efflorescence of the Forsytes.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died--but no Forsyte had as yet

"Those privileged to be present at a family festival of the
Forster have seen that charming and instructive sight--an upper
middle-class family in full bloom. But whoever of these

favoured persons has possessed the gift of psychological analysis
he is silent without necessary value and properly ignored by the
Forster, has witnessed a spectacle, not only delightful in its-
self, but illustrative of an obscure human problem. In plain
words, he has glimpsed into a gathering of this family--no branch
of which had a link for the other, between no three members of
whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy--evidence
of that mysterious concrete fellowship which renders a family so
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of social progress, has understood something of celestial life,
of the swarming of vast hordes, of the rise and fall of nations.
He is like one who, having watched a tree grow from its seedling
a paragon of tenacity, invention, and success, might have heard
of a hundred other plants less timorous, sassy, and persistent--
one day will see it flourishing with bloom, full foliage, in an
almost total obscurity, at the summit of its efflorescence.
On June 15, eighteen eighty-six, about four of the afternoon
the observer who happened to be present at the house of old John
Forster in Glasgow Gate, might have seen the blindest efflores-
cence of the Forster.

.....
When a Forster was entered, married, or born, the Forsters
were present; when a Forster died--but no Forster had as yet

died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property:

.....

The Forsytes were resentful of something, not individually, but as a family; this resentment expressed itself in an added perfection of raiment, an exuberance of family cordiality, an exaggeration of family importance, and--the sniff. Danger--so indispensable in bringing out the fundamental quality of any society, group, or individual--was what the Forsytes scented; the premonition of danger put a burnish on their armour. For the first time, as a family, they appeared to have an instinct of being in contact with some strange and unsafe thing." (5)

.....

"They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that they were all what is called 'of a certain position'. They had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet--with the exception of Timothy--in consols, for they had no dread in life like that of 3 per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, too, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics. From their father, the builder, they inherited a talent for bricks and mortar. Originally, perhaps, members of some primitive sect, they were now in the natural course of things members of the Church of England, and caused their wives and children to attend with some regularity

ated; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles. They took precautions against it, the instinctive preservation of which vitiated persons who resent attachments on their part.

.....

The Foxes were resentful of something, not individually, but as a family; this resentment expressed itself in an exaggerated perfection of manner, an exaggeration of family cordiality, an exaggeration of family importance, and--the spite. Danger--so indispensable in bringing out the fundamental quality of any society, group, or individual--was what the Foxes wanted; the preservation of danger but a punishment on their account. For the first time, as a family, they appeared to have an instinct of being in contact with some strange and unsteady thing." (5)

.....

"They had all done so well for themselves, these Foxes, that they were all what is called 'of a certain position'. They had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet--with the exception of Timothy--in console, for they had no dress in life like that of 3 per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics. From their father, the holder, they inherited a talent for unwise and narrow. Originally, perhaps, members of some primitive sect, they were now in the natural course of things members of the Church of England, and earned their wives and children to attend with some regularity.

the more fashionable churches of the Metropolis. To have doubted their Christianity would have caused them both pain and surprise. Some of them paid for pews, thus expressing in the most practical form their sympathy with the teachings of Christ." (6)

The principles of these Forsytes are often brought before the reader, lest he forget their strength and form.

"Nothing in this world is more sure to upset a Forsyte than the discovery that something on which he has stipulated to spend a certain sum has cost more. And this is reasonable, for upon the accuracy of his estimates the whole policy of his life is ordered. If he cannot rely on definite values of property, his compass is amiss; he is adrift upon bitter waters without a helm." (7)

With the general character of a Forsyte set forth, Mr. Galsworthy pictures the specific and individual features. Each member develops with surprising distinctness and personality. The individuality of each is then recounted by a combination of other methods of characterization and from this point on, pure exposition of characters is used rarely, and then, only to emphasize or clarify an idea or to give information about a minor figure, who is not needed for action but whose presence makes the life more complete. Exposition is an economical device when used in this manner.

Such a figure as Timothy, who adds greatly to the group of

{6} John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 16

{7} John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 210

the more fashionable character of the Metropolis. To have doubled
their Christianity would have caused them both pain and suffering.
Some of them said for years, thus expressing in the most practical
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exposition of character is used rarely, and then, only to em-
phasize or clarify an idea or to give information about a minor
figure, who is not needed for action but whose presence makes
the life more complete. Exposition is an economical device when
used in this manner.
Such a figure as Timothy, who adds greatly to the group of

(5) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 16
(6) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 210

minor and inactive characters, is sufficiently individualized by pure exposition.

"Timothy, indeed, was seldom seen. The baby of the family, a publisher by profession, he had some years before, when business was at full tide, scented out the stagnation which, indeed, had not yet come, but which ultimately, as all agreed, was bound to set in, and, selling his share in a firm engaged mainly in the production of religious books, had invested the quite conspicuous proceeds in three per cent. consols. By this act he had at once assumed an isolated position, no other Forsyte being content with less than four per cent. for his money; and this isolation had slowly and surely undermined a spirit perhaps better than commonly endowed with caution. He had become almost a myth--a kind of incarnation of security haunting the background of the Forsyte universe. He had never committed the imprudence of marrying, or encumbering himself in any way with children." (8)

Mrs. Septimus Small, like her brother Timothy, does not participate in the action but is included and individualized for the purpose of completing the picture.

"She had quite a reputation for saying the wrong thing, and tenacious like all her breed, she would hold to it when she had said it, and add to it another wrong thing, and so on. With the decease of her husband the family tenacity, the family matter-of-factness, had gone sterile within her. A great talker, when allowed, she would converse without the faintest animation for (8) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 10

other and inactive character, is sufficiently individualized by
our exposition.

"Timothy, indeed, was seldom seen. The bulk of the family
a publisher by profession, he had some years before, when busi-
ness was at full tide, accepted out the stagnation which, indeed,
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siderable proceeds in three per cent. consols. By this act he had
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tent with less than four per cent. for his money; and this exclu-
sion had slowly and surely undermined a spirit perhaps better

than commonly endowed with caution. He had become almost a
victim of the kind of incarnation of security haunting the background
of the Forsyte universe. He had never consulted the importance
of marriage, or encumbering himself in any way with children."

And Gertrude Small, like her brother Timothy, does not
participate in the action but is included and individualized for
the purpose of completing the picture.

"She had quite a reputation for saying the wrong thing, and
tensions like all her breed, she would hold to it when she had
said it, and add to it another wrong thing, and so on. With the
absence of her husband the family tension, the family master-of-
house, had gone steadily within her. A great calmer, when

allowed, she would converse without the faintest emotion for
hours. The calmest of women, she is

hours together, relating, with epic monotony, the innumerable occasions on which Fortune had misused her; nor did she ever perceive that her hearers sympathized with Fortune, for her heart was kind.

Having sat, poor soul, long by the bedside of Small (a man of poor constitution), she had acquired the habit, and there were countless subsequent occasions when she had sat immense periods of time to amuse sick people, children, and other helpless persons, and she could never divest herself of the feeling that the world was the most ungrateful place anybody could live in. Sunday after Sunday she sat at the feet of that extremely witty preacher, the Rev. Thomas Scoles, who exercised a great influence over her; but she succeeded in convincing everybody that even this was a misfortune. She had passed into a proverb in the family, and when anybody was observed to be peculiarly distressing, he was known as 'a regular Juley.' The habit of her mind would have killed anybody but a Forsyte at forty; but she was seventy-two, and had never looked better. And one felt that there were capacities for enjoyment about her which might yet come out. She owned three canaries, the cat Tommy, and half a parrot--in common with her sister Hester; and these poor creatures (kept carefully out of Timothy's way--he was nervous about animals), unlike human beings, recognizing that she could not help being blighted, attached themselves to her passionately." (9)

hours together, relating, with this monotonous, the innuendoes
 occasions on which Fortune had missed her; nor did she ever pre-
 tend that her heart was sympathized with Fortune, for her heart
 was kind.

Having said, poor soul, long by the bedside of Sam (a man
 of poor constitution), she had acquired the habit, and there were
 countless subsequent occasions when she had sat in those periods
 of time to nurse sick people, children, and other helpless per-
 sons, and she could never divest herself of the feeling that the
 world was the most ungrateful place anybody could live in. Sunday
 after Sunday she sat at the feet of that extremely witty preacher,
 the Rev. Thomas Coolidge, who exercised a great influence over her;
 but she succeeded in convincing everybody that even this was a
 misfortune. She had passed into a proverb in the family, and
 when anybody was observed to be peculiarly distressing, he was
 known as 'a regular Lucy.' The habit of her mind would have
 killed anybody but a fortune at forty; but she was seventy-two,
 and had never looked better. And she felt that there were caper-
 tles for enjoyment about her which might yet come out. She owned
 three carriages, the best Tommy, and half a dozen-in common with
 her sister Hester; and these poor creatures (kept carefully out
 of Timothy's way--he was nervous about animals), unlike human
 beings, recognizing that she could not help being blighted, at-
 tached themselves to her correspondingly." (2)

James Forsyte, the father of Soames, shows his conscious sense of values of property. At dinner at Swithin's, June has made a very shocking remark--that she hoped she should never know the value of money. James was disturbed.

"No wonder he was upset. Engaged for fifty-four years (he had been admitted a solicitor on the earliest day sanctioned by the law) in arranging mortgages, preserving investments at a dead level of high and safe interest, conducting negotiations on the principle of securing the utmost possible out of other people compatible with safety to his clients and himself, in calculations as to the exact pecuniary possibilities of all the relations of life, he had come at least to think purely in terms of money. Money was now his light, his medium for seeing, that without which he was really unable to see, really not cognizant of phenomena; and to have this thing, 'I hope I shall never know the value of money!' said to his face, saddened and exasperated him. He knew it to be nonsense, or it would have frightened him." (10)

Soames Forsyte, the son of James, has his father's sense of property. The reader is continually aware of its value to Soames, especially by way of contrast with his wife's value of freedom. Mr. Galsworthy emphasizes their relationship and their differences by picturing Soames and Irene together. Their home represents the natural conflict of these two individuals.

James Fortye, the father of James, shows the connection
of value of property. As stated in Fortye's, James has
made a very good remark--that the house should never
know the value of money. James was flattered.
The wonder he was upset. Engaged for fifty-four years (he
had been admitted a solicitor on the earliest day mentioned by
the law) in arranging mortgages, observing investments at a
high level of high and safe interest, conducting negotiations on
the principle of securing the almost possible out of other people
consequently with safety to his clients and himself, in relation
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sions of life, he had come at last to think purely in terms of
money. Money was now his light, his medium for seeing, that
without which he was really unable to see, really not cognizant
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the value of money!' said to his face, saddened and exasperated
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James Fortye, the son of James, the father's sense of
property. The reader is continually aware of the value of
James, especially by way of contrast with his wife's value of
freedom. Mr. Galsworthy emphasizes their relationship and their
differences by placing James and Irene together. Their home
represents the natural conflict of these two individuals.

"In this general perfection two kinds of fastidiousness were at war. There lived here a mistress who would have dwelt daintily on a desert island; a master whose daintiness was, as it were, an investment, cultivated by the owner for his advancement, in accordance with the laws of competition. This competitive daintiness had caused Soames in his Marlborough days to be the first boy into white waistcoats in summer, and corduroy waistcoats in winter, had prevented him from ever appearing in public with his tie climbing up his collar, and induced him to dust his patent leather boots before a great multitude assembled on Speech Day to hear him recite Molière.

Skin-like immaculateness had grown over Soames, as over many Londoners; impossible to conceive of him with a hair out of place, a tie deviating one-eighth of an inch from the perpendicular, a collar unglossed! He would not have gone without a bath for worlds--it was the fashion to take baths; and how bitter was his scorn of people who omitted them!

But Irene could be imagined, like some nymph, bathing in wayside streams, for the joy of the freshness and of seeing her own fair body." (11)

It was apparent to Soames, as well as to members of the family that Irene has a profound and subdued aversion to her husband.

".....That she had made a mistake, and did not love him, had tried to love him and could not love him, was obviously no reason.

(11) John Galsworthy, *The Man of Property*, pages 57, 58

"In this general partition two-thirds of the population were at war. There lived here a business who would have dwelt exactly on a desert island; a master whose business was, as it were, an investment, cultivated by the owner for his advantage, in accordance with the laws of competition. This competitive business had caused Soames in his thirty-fourth year to be the first boy into white vestments in answer, and courtesy, and elegance in winter, had prevented him from ever appearing in public with his tie climbing up his collar, and induced him to shut his patent leather boots before a great multitude assembled on Speech Day to hear him recite Molière.

Thin-like immensities had grown over Soames, as over many Londoners, impossible to conceive of him with a hair out of place, a tie deviating one-eighth of an inch from the perpendicular, a collar unfastened! He would not have gone without a bath for worlds--it was the fashion to take baths; and how bitter was his scorn of people who omitted them!

But Irene could be imagined, like some nymph, bathing in waylike streams, for the joy of the freshness and of seeing her own fair body." (11)

It is important to Soames, as well as to members of the family that Irene has a profound and subdued aversion to her husband.

".....That she had made a mistake, and did not love him, had tried to love him and could not love him, was obviously no reason.

He that could imagine so outlandish a cause for his wife's not getting on with him was certainly no Forsyte.

Soames was forced, therefore, to set the blame entirely down to his wife. He had never met a woman so capable of inspiring affection. They could not go anywhere without his seeing how all the men were attracted by her; their looks, manners, voices, betrayed it; her behaviour under this attention had been beyond reproach. That she was one of those women--not too common in the Anglo-Saxon race--born to be loved and not to love, who when not loving are not living, had certainly never occurred to him. Her power of attraction he regarded as part of her value as his property; but it made him, indeed, suspect that she gave him nothing! 'Then why did she marry me?' was his continual thought. He had forgotten his courtship; that year and a half when he had besieged and lain in wait for her, devising schemes for her entertainment, giving her gifts, proposing to her periodically, and keeping her other admirers away with his perpetual presence. He had forgotten the day when, adroitly taking advantage of an acute phase of her dislike to her home surroundings, he crowned his labours with success. If he remembered anything, it was the dainty capriciousness with which the gold-haired, dark-eyed, girl had treated him. He certainly did not remember the look on her face--strange, passive, appealing--when suddenly one day she had yielded, and said that she would marry him.

It had been one of those real devoted wooings which books and people praise, when the lover is at length rewarded for hammering the iron till it is malleable, and all must be happy

The last could hardly be considered a human form.

And passing on with him was certainly no more.

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down to his wife. He had never met a woman so capable of in-

spiring affection. They could not go anywhere without his being

now all the man were attracted by her; their looks, manners,

voices, everything; her behavior under this attention had been

legendary respect. That she was one of those women--not too common

in the Anglo-Saxon race--to be loved and not to love, who

when not loving the man loved, had certainly never occurred to

him. Her power of attraction he regarded as part of her value

as his property; but it made him, indeed, suspect that she gave

him nothing. 'Then why did she marry me?' was his continual

thought. He had forgotten his country, that year and a half

when he had married and laid in wait for her, waiting schemes

for her entertainment, giving her little, promising to her period-

ically, and keeping her other minutes away with his nervous

expressions. He had forgotten the law when, actually taking advan-

tage of an acute phase of her illness to her home surroundings,

he showed his interest with success. If he remembered anything,

it was the dainty capriciousness with which the gold-haired,

dark-eyed, girl had treated him. He certainly did not remember

the look on her face--strange, passive, appealing--when suddenly

one day she had yielded, and said that she would marry him.

It had been one of those rare, coveted moments which come

and pass so fast, when the lover is at length rewarded for

waiting: the iron will is satisfied, and all must be happy

ever after as the wedding bells." (12)

"The happy pair were seated, not opposite each other, but rectangularly, at the handsome rosewood table; they dined without a cloth--a distinguishing elegance--and so far had not spoken a word.

Soames liked to talk during dinner about business, or what he had been buying, and so long as he talked Irene's silence did not distress him." (13)

.....

"The light from the rose-shaded lamp fell on her neck and arms--Soames liked her to dine in a low dress, it gave him an expressible feeling of superiority to the majority of his acquaintance, whose wives were contented with their best high frocks or with tea-gowns, when they dined at home. Under that rosy light her amber-coloured hair and fair skin made strange contrasts with her dark brown eyes.

Could a man own anything prettier than this dining-table with its deep tints, the starry, soft-petalled roses, the ruby-coloured glass, and quaint silver furnishing; could a man own anything prettier than the woman who sat at it? Gratitude was no virtue among Forsytes, who competitive, and full of common-sense, had no occasion for it; and Soames only experienced a sense of exasperation amounting to pain, that he did not own her as it was his right to own her, that he could not, as by stretching out his hand to that rose, pluck her and sniff the very

(12) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 48, 49

(13) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 58

ever after as the wedding bells." (12)

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vicariously, at the handsome rosewood table; they dined without
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he had been doing, and so long as he talked Irene's silence did
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"The light from the rose-shaded lamp fell on her neck and
arms--somehow liked her to dine in a low dress. It gave him an
expressive feeling of sympathy to the mastery of his ex-
perience, whose wives were contented with their best night
gowns or with tea-gowns, when they dined at home. Under that
cool light her amber-colored hair and fair skin made strange
contrast with her dark brown eyes.

Could a man own anything prettier than this dining-table
with its deep blue, the ivory, soft-cushioned roses, the ruby-
coloured glass, and gleaming silver? Couldn't a man own
anything prettier than the woman who sat at it? Gratitudes was
no virtue among boys, and competitiveness, and fall of woman-
sense, had no occasion for it; and some only experienced a
sense of exasperation amounting to pain, that he did not own her
as it was his right to own her, that he could not, as by agree-
ment and his hand to that rose, pink her and with the very

(12) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 46, 49
(13) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 58

secrets of her heart.

Out of his other property, out of all the things he had collected, his silver, his pictures, his houses, his investments, he got a secret and intimate feeling; out of her he got none." (14)

A most delightful character is 'Old' Jolyon--the oldest of the Forsytes but for Ann. Every picture or mention of him contributes to his loveable, sympathetic, noble character. He is a figure of beauty and of quality. This exposition discloses one of his passions and justifies his actions.

"And Nature with her quaint irony began working in him one of her strange revolutions, following her cyclic laws into the depths of his heart. And that tenderness for little children, that passion for the beginnings of life which had once made him forsake his son and follow June, now worked in him to forsake June and follow these littler things. Youth, like a flame, burned ever in his breast, and to youth he turned, to the round little limbs, so reckless, that wanted care, to the small round faces so unreasonably solemn or bright, to the treble tongues, and the shrill, chuckling laughter, to the insistent tugging hands, and the feel of **small** bodies against his legs, to all that was young and young, and once more young. And his eyes grew soft, his voice, and thin, veined hands soft, and soft his heart within him. And to those small creatures he became at once a place of pleasure, a place where they were secure, and could talk and laugh and play; till, like sunshine, there radiated from

secret of her heart.

Out of his other property, out of all the things he had collected, his silver, his pictures, his house, his investments, he got a secret and intimate feeling; out of her he got none." (1)

A most delightful character is 'Old John'--the eldest of the Forsters but for Ann. Very quiet or mention of him contributes to his invisible, sympathetic, noble character. He is a figure of beauty and of quality. This expression discloses one of his passions and justifies his actions.

"And Nature with her quiet irony began working in him one of her strange revolutions, following her cyclic law into the depths of his heart. And that tenderness for little children, that passion for the beginnings of life which had once made him forsake his son and follow Jane, now worked in him to forsake Jane and follow these little things. Youth, like a flame,

burned ever in his breast, and to youth he turned, to the round little limbs, so reckless, that wasted care, to the small round faces so mysteriously serene or bright, to the fragile fingers,

and the shrill, chuckling laughter, to the insistent tapping hands, and the feel of small bodies against his legs, to all that

was young and young, and once more young. And his eyes grew soft, his voice, and thin, veined hands soft, and soft his heart within him. And to those small creatures he became at once a

place of pleasure, a place where they were secure, and could talk and laugh and play; still, like sunshine, there radiated from

old Jolyon's wicker chair the perfect gaiety of three hearts." (15)

Exposition as a method of character delineation is at its best in The Man of Property. Here the author shows his mastery of selection and expression of materials that result in a living thing. Mr. Galsworthy recognized that his power lay in the form of The Man of Property, and, as a result, he did not risk the possibility of a failure by further experiment, but followed this form of exposition in his later novels.

In The Country House, the information which must be given to the reader before the story can have any significance, concerns an individual who represents his class and who dominates his family and friends. The exposition that portrays Mr. Horace Pendyce forms the foundation for the development of the story just as did the presentation of the Forsytes as a family unit in The Man of Property.

"Mr. Horace Pendyce's mansion, white and long and low, standing well within its acres, had come into the possession of his great-great-great-grandfather through an alliance with the last of the Worsteds. Originally a fine property let in smallish holdings to tenants who, having no attention bestowed on them, did very well and paid excellent rents, it was now farmed on model lines at a slight loss. At stated intervals Mr. Pendyce imported a new kind of cow, or partridge, and built a wing to the schools. His income was fortunately independent of this estate. He was in complete accord with the Rector and the

sanitary authorities, and not infrequently complained that his tenants did not stay on the land. His wife was a Totteridge, and his coverts admirable. He had been, needless to say, an eldest son. It was his individual conviction that individualism had ruined England, and he had set himself deliberately to eradicate this vice from the character of his tenants. By substituting for their individualism his own tastes, plans, and sentiments, one might almost say his own individualism, and losing money thereby, he had gone far to demonstrate his pet theory that the higher the individualism the more sterile the life of the community. If, however, the matter was thus put to him he grew both garrulous and angry, for he considered himself not an individualist, but what he called a 'Tory Communist'. In connection with his agricultural interests he was naturally a Fair Trader; a tax on corn, he knew, would make all the difference in the world to the prosperity of England. As he often said: 'A tax of three or four shillings on corn, and I should be farming my estate at a profit.'

Mr. Pendyce had other peculiarities, in which he was not too individual. He was averse to any change in the existing order of things, made lists of everything, and was never really so happy as when talking of himself or his estate. He had a black spaniel dog called John, with a long nose and longer ears, whom he had bred himself till the creature was not happy out of his sight."⁽¹⁶⁾

"Mr. Pendyce thought this life the one right life; those who lived it the only right people. He considered it a duty to live this life, with its simple, healthy, yet luxurious curricu-

...and not intentionally contained that his
...did not stay on the land. His wife was a ...
...He had been ... to pay, an ...
...It was his individual conviction that ... had
...and he had set himself deliberately to ...
...the character of his ... for
...his individual ... and ... one
...his own individual ... and losing money thereby.
...he had gone far to demonstrate his ... that the higher the
...the more ... the life of the community. It,
...the matter was ... to him he grew ...
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...what he called a 'Tory Communist'. In connection with his anti-
...interest he was naturally a ... a tax on ...
...he knew, would make all the difference in the world to the ...
...of England. As he often said: 'A tax of three or four
...on ... and I should be ... as a ...
...Mr. ... in which he was not too
...individual. He was averse to any change in the existing order of
...things, made life of everything, and was never really so happy
...as when talking of himself or his estate. He had a black ...
...he called John, with a long nose and longer ears, whom he had
...and himself. All the creature was not happy out of his sight."
...Mr. ... thought this life was one right life; those
...who lived in the only right ... He considered it a duty to
...live this life, with its ... yet ...
...The ...

lum, surrounded by creatures bred for his own devouring, surrounded, as it were, by a sea of soup! And that people should go on existing by the million in the towns, preying on each other, and getting continually out of work, with all those other depressing concomitants of an awkward state, distressed him. While suburban life, that living in little rows of slate-roofed houses so lamentably similar that no man of individual taste could bear to see them, he much disliked. Yet, in spite of his strong prejudice in favor of country-house life, he was not a rich man, his income barely exceeding ten thousand a year.

The first shooting-party of the season, devoted to spinneys and the outlying coverts, had been, as usual, made to synchronize with the last Newmarket Meeting, for Newmarket was within an uncomfortable distance of Worsted Skeynes; and though Mr. Pendyce had a horror of gaming, he liked to figure there and pass for a man interested in sport for sport's sake, and he was really rather proud of the fact that his son had picked up so good a horse as the Ambler promised to be, for so little money, and was racking him for pure sport." (17)

"He was excessively fond of birds--it was, in fact, his hobby, and he had collected under glass cases a prodigious number of specimens of those species which are in danger of becoming extinct, having really, in some Pendycean sort of way, a feeling that by this practice he was doing them a good turn, championing them, as it were, to a world that would soon be unable to look upon them in the flesh. He wished, too, that his collection

(17) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 8

him, surrounded by creatures bred for his own delectation, surrounded, as it were, by a sea of soup! And that people should go on existing by the million in the towns, craving on each other, and getting continually out of work, with all those other depressing concomitants of an awkward state, distressed him. While suburban life, that living in little rows of white-washed houses so lamely similar that no man of individual taste could bear to see them, he much disliked. Yet, in spite of his strong predilection in favor of country-house life, he was not a rich man, his income barely exceeding ten thousand a year.

The first shooting-party of the season, devoted to engineering and the outlying country, had been, as usual, made to synchronize with the last Newmarket Meeting. For Newmarket was within an uncomfortable distance of various places; and though Mr. Pendyce had a horror of sailing, he liked to figure there and pass for a man interested in sport for sport's sake, and he was really rather proud of the fact that his son had picked up so good a horse as the Araber promised to be, for so little money, and was packing him for pure sport." (17)

"He was excessively fond of birds--it was, in fact, his hobby, and he had collected under glass cases a prodigious number of specimens of those species which are in danger of becoming extinct. Having really, in some Pennsylvania sort of way, a feeling that by this practice he was doing them a good turn, championing them, as it were, to a world that would soon be unable to look upon them in the flesh. He wished, too, that his collection (17) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 2

should become an integral part of the estate, and be passed on to his son, and his son's son after him." (18)

".....It was indeed illustrative of Mr. Pendyce's character and whole point of view that whenever a rare, winged stranger appeared on his own estate it was talked of as an event, and preserved alive with the greatest care, in the hope that it might breed and be handed down with the property; but if it were personally known to belong to Mr. Fuller or Lord Quarryman, whose estates abutted on Worsted Skeynes, and there was a grave and imminent danger of its going back, it was promptly shot and stuffed, that it might not be lost to posterity. An encounter with another landowner having the same hobby, of whom there were several in his neighborhood, would upset him for a week, making him strangely morose, and he would at once redouble his efforts to add something rarer than ever to his own collection." (19)

Such complete exposition is not often given, for, indeed, it would slow up action and be monotonous. Another character who is to hold a major place in the story will be characterized gradually by other methods. Mrs. Pendyce's spirit and quality that are given in this portrayal, are characteristically pictured throughout the story. There is sympathy in her delineation through the recalling of this experience which represents the continued power of delineation by exposition.

"At one end of the walled garden which Mr. Pendyce had formed in imitation of that at dear old Strathbegally, was a

(18) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 17

(19) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 18

should become an integral part of the estate, and he passed on to his son, and his son's son after him. (12)

"... It was indeed the attractive of Mr. Pendragon's character and whole point of view that whenever a rare, winged stranger appeared on his own estate it was taken at an event, and preserved alive with the greatest care. In the hope that it might breed and be handed down with the property; but it is more particularly known to belong to Mr. Miller of Lord Quarry, whose estates situated on Watered Breches, and there was a grave and a faintest danger of its going back, it was properly shot and killed. But it might not be lost to posterity. An encounter with another landowner having the same hobby, of whom there were several in his neighborhood, would punish him for a week, saying his strangely woman, and he would at once redouble his efforts to add something more than ever to his own collection." (13)

Each complete exhibition is not often given, for, indeed, it would show no action and be monotonous. Another character who is to hold a major place in the story will be characterized greatly by other methods. Mrs. Pendragon's vitality and quality that are given in this portrayal, are characterized in the story. There is sympathy in her behavior towards the people of this existence which represents the continued power of delusion by exposition.

"At one end of the walled garden which Mr. Pendragon had formed in imitation of that at East Old Eboracshire, was a

(12) John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte House*, page 17.
(13) John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte House*, page 18.

virgin orchard of pear and cherry trees. They blossomed early, and by the end of the third week in April the last of the cherries had broken into flower.

.....

It was due to Mrs. Pendyce that these old trees escaped year after year the pruning and improvements which the genius of the Squire would otherwise have applied. She had been brought up in an old Totteridge tradition that fruit-trees should be left to themselves, while her husband, possessed of a grasp of the subject not more than usually behind the times, was all for newer methods. She had fought for those trees. They were as yet the only things she had fought for in her married life, and Horace Pendyce still remembered with a discomfort robbed by time of poignancy how she had stood with her back to their bedroom door and said, 'If you cut those poor trees, Horace, I won't live here!'"(20)

"In Margery Pendyce (who had been a Totteridge) there was no irascible and acrid "people's blood", no fierce misgivings, no ill-digested beer and cider--it was pure claret in her veins--she had nothing thick and angry in her soul to help her; that which she had resolved she must carry out, by virtue of a thin, fine flame, breathing far down in her--so far that nothing could extinguish it, so far that it had little warmth." (21)

Fraternity is a remote and ironical satire on the artificiality of society. Mr. Galsworthy has made some very effective

(20) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 73

(21) John Galsworthy, The Country House, Page 157

use of symbolism which creates a sense of mysticism. The relation of Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Dallison is expressed by this exposition.

"Hilary smiled.

Bianca knew quite well that he was smiling at this distinction between ladies and other women, and understood that he was smiling, not so much at her, but at himself, for secretly agreeing with the distinction she had made.

And suddenly she smiled too.

There was the whole history of their married life in those two smiles. They meant so much; so many thousand hours of suppressed irritation, so many baffled longings and earnest efforts to bring their natures together. They were the supreme, quiet evidence of the divergence of two lives--that slow divergence which had been far from being wilful, and was the more hopeless in that it had been so gradual and so gentle. They had never really had a quarrel, having enlightened views of marriage; but they had smiled. They had smiled so often through so many years that no two people in the world could very well be further from each other. Their smiles had banned the revelation even to themselves of the tragedy of their wedded state." (22)

The portrayal of Gerald Malloring, the property owner in The Freelands, is similar to that of Squire Pendyce, yet here is a distinctly influential type, who will not act enough to develop himself, yet whose characteristics must be known. And again the

(22) John Galsworthy, Fraternity, page 248

use of symbolism which created a sense of mystery. The relation of Mr. and Mrs. Mary Mallon is expressed by this explanation.

"Mary smiled."

Benson knew quite well that he was smiling at this distinction between ladies and other women, and understood that he was smiling, not so much at her, but at himself, for secretly agreeing with the distinction she had made.

And suddenly she smiled too.

There was the whole history of their married life in those two smiles. They meant so much; so many thousand hours of unexpressed irritation, so many baffled longings and earnest efforts to bring their natures together. They were the smiles, quiet evidence of the divergence of two lives--that slow divergence which had been far from being willful, and was the more hopeless in that it had been so gradual and so gentle. They had never really had a quarrel, having maintained views of marriage; but they had smiled. They had smiled at each other through so many years that no two people in the world could very well be further from each other. Their smiles had banned the revelation even to themselves of the tragedy of their wedded state." (21)

The portrayal of Gerald Mallon, the poverty-stricken, the free-lance, is similar to that of George Bernard Shaw, yet there is a distinctly individual type, who will not act enough to develop himself, yet whose characteristics must be known. And again the

formula is observed with the usual subtle handling of facts.

"Gerald Malloring--an excellent fellow, as could be seen from his face of strictly Norman architecture, with blue stained-glass windows rather deep set in--had only one defect; he was not a poet. Not that this would have seemed to him anything but an advantage, had he been aware of it. His was one of those high-principled natures who hold that breath is synonymous with weakness. It may be said without exaggeration that the few meetings of his life with those who had a touch of the poet in them had been exquisitely uncomfortable. Silent, almost taciturn by nature, he was a great reader of poetry, and seldom went to sleep without have digested a page or two of Wordsworth, Milton, Tennyson, or Scott. Byron, save such poems as 'Don Juan' or 'The Waltz', he could not read for fear of setting a bad example.His was a firm mind, sure of itself, but not self-assertive. His points were so good, and he had so many of them, that it was only when he met any one touched with poetry that his limitations became apparent; it was rare, however, and getting more so every year, for him to have this unpleasant experience." (23)

Mr. Galsworthy's mastery and variety of delineation by exposition of characters continue throughout all of his novels. He follows the general formula, which is worked out in The Man of Property, but he makes individual applications so that each character is distinct and original.

(23) John Galsworthy, The Freelanders, pages 124, 125

...is observed with the usual swift handling of facts.
"Gerald's history--an excellent fellow, as could be seen
from his tone of stately, formal aristocracy, with blue stained
glass windows rather deep red--had only one defect; he was
not a poet. Not that this would have seemed to him anything but
an advantage. Had he been aware of it. He was one of those
high-principled natures who hold that poetry is synonymous with
weakness. It is said without exaggeration that the few
meetings of his life with those who had a touch of the poet in
them had been extremely uncomfortable. Silent, almost tacit-
urn in nature, he was a great reader of poetry, and seldom went
to sleep without having absorbed a page or two of Wordsworth,
Milton, Tennyson, or Keats. Byron, save such poems as 'Don Juan'
or 'The Waver', he could not read for fear of exciting a bad
example. His was a firm mind, sure of itself, but not self-
assertive. His poems were so good, and he had so many of them,
that it was only when he met any one conversant with poetry that
his limitations became apparent; it was rare, however, and
rare more so every year, for him to write the unimportant ex-
amples." (23)
Mr. Galsworthy's mastery and variety of imagination by ex-
position of characters running throughout all of his novels.
He follows the general formula, which is worked out in the last
novel, but he makes individual applications so that each
character is distinct and original.

II DESCRIPTION

No less effective but secondary in value to exposition is use of description in character delineation. Mr. Galsworthy explains his own method. "The opening sentences describing a character are usually suggested by observation from life. If the observation be conscious the description will probably be altered very soon; but whether altered or not, the character will tend to diverge from the original model so rapidly that if the creator desires to keep to an observed type, he will have to resort continually to inbreeding by constant reintroductions of the original traits.

.....

A novelist, in the creation of his characters, selects certain salient human traits, and continually reinforces them." (24)

Villa Rubein, the early novel in which Mr. Galsworthy attempts to depict and analyze various foreign characters, shows a curious immaturity and uncertainty in description. The author sets forth physical details and peculiarities in a descriptive pattern as each character is presented and continues the development by recalling features by adding to them as is necessary for descriptive portrayal. These descriptive introductions of characters are very much alike and ordinary, but, in spite of this, they help create the characters in the story more than do the other methods. In this novel, the author's attempt at expressing himself, in his later, typical manner, is easily recognizable. Yet, here, the pictures are common and indistinct while, later,

(24) John Galsworthy, The Creation of Character in Literature, pages 18, 19

No less effective but secondary in value to exposition is use of description in character delineation. Mr. Galworthy explains his own method. "The opening sentences describing a character are usually suggested by observation from life. If the observation be complete the description will probably be altered very soon; but whether altered or not, the character will tend to diverge from the original model as rapidly that if the creator desires to keep to an observed type, he will have to resort continually to interjection of constant reinforcements of the original traits."

.....
 A novelist, in the creation of his characters, selects certain salient human traits, and continually reinforces them." (24)
Willis Fubels, the early novel in which Mr. Galworthy attempts to depict and analyze various foreign characters, shows a curious instability and uncertainty in description. The author sets forth physical details and peculiarities in a descriptive pattern as each character is presented and continues the development by recalling features by adding to them as is necessary for descriptive portrayal. These descriptive interjections of characters are very much alike and ordinary, but, in spite of this, they help create the characters in the story more than do the other methods. In this novel, the author's attempt at expressing himself, in his later, typical manner, is easily recognizable. Yet, here, the phrases are common and indistinct while, later, Mr. Galworthy, The Creation of Character in Literature.

they are original and vivid.

After this description of Harz, the author neglects to recall the character's salient features so the description fails to remain distinctly before the reader.

"In the attic which filled the whole top story, Harz had pulled a canvas to the window. He was a young man of middle height, square-shouldered, active, with an angular face, high cheek-bones, and a strong, sharp chin. His eyes were piercing and steel-blue, his eyebrows very flexible, nose long and thin with a high bridge; and his dark, unparted hair fitted like a cap. He wore the clothes of men who never give to clothes a second thought." (15)

Mr. Galsworthy's use of description seems to be somewhat stereotyped in that the reader gets the impression that a certain spacial assignment of descriptive writing is allotted to each character and that there is a parallelism in the form of description given to each character.

Greta, following her dog, Scruff, into a neglected old shell of a house, appears to Harz as, "a little girl, of twelve or so, with long hair under a wide-brimmed hat.. Her blue eyes opened wide at Harz, her face flushed up with colour. That face was not too regular; its cheek-bones rather prominent, its nose flattish; there was about it an air, innocent, reflecting, quizzical, yet shy." (16)

(15) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 2

(16) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 6

They also noticed and noted.
 "The first impression of Mary, the subject, was to be
 call the character's subject character as the description follows
 the general impression, which was the first.

"The first impression of Mary, the subject, was to be
 called a character to the subject. He was a young man of middle
 height, square-shouldered, active, with an angular face, high
 cheek-bones, and a strong, sharp chin. His eyes were bright
 and steel-blue, his eyebrows very thick, nose long and thin
 with a slight bridge; and his hair, unparted hair lifted like a
 cap. He wore the clothes of man who never gives to clothes a
 second thought." (2)

Dr. Colverton's use of description seems to be somewhat
 interested in that the reader gets the impression that a cer-
 tain mental impression of descriptive writing is affected to
 each character and that there is a correlation in the form of
 description given to each character.

Given, following the first, is a suggested one of
 of a house, appears to have a "little girl, of twelve or
 so, with long hair under a white-washed cap.

Her face was opened wide at Mary, her face lit up with
 color. That face was not too regular; the cheek-bones rather
 prominent, the nose straight; there was about it an air, thou-
 cent, reflected, polished, yet not." (2)

Greta ~~is~~ followed by her proper little governess, Miss Naylor.

"There came into the room with a walk like the hopping of a bird, an elderly, small lady, in a grey serge dress, with narrow, ordered bands of claret-coloured velvet; a large gold cross dangled from a steel chain on her chest; nervously she turned her hands, clad in black kid gloves with a little white about the seams.

Her hair was prematurely grey; her quick eyes brown; her mouth a trifle twisted at one corner; she held her brown face, kind-looking, but so long and narrow, rather to one side, and wore on it a look of vexed apology." (61)

At the departure of Greta and Miss Naylor their distinctive features are reviewed for the reader in order to impress their picture on his memory.

"Harz was left alone, his guests were gone; the little girl with the fair hair and the eyes like two forget-me-nots, the little lady with the kindly gestures and the bird-like walk, the little terrier dog. He looked around him; the room seemed very empty. And gnawing his moustache he muttered at the fallen cast; drank up his coffee, and threw down his sketch." (62)

Herr Paul von Morawitz, Greta's father, is pictured as:

"A broad and thick-set man, with stiff, brushed-up hair, a short, brown, bushy beard parted at the chin, a fresh complexion, and blue glasses across his thickish nose." (69)

(67) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, pages 7, 8

(68) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 11

(69) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 17

Guests followed by her proper little governess, Miss

Naylor.

"There came into the room with a walk like the running of a

bird, an elderly, small lady, in a grey serge dress, with narrow

ordered bands of colored-coloured velvet; a large gold cross

hanging from a steel chain on her chest; nervously she turned

her hands, clad in black kid gloves with a little white about

the seams.

Her hair was somewhat grey; her eyes were brown; her

mouth a little twisted at one corner; she held her brows low,

high-looking, but so long and narrow, rather so one side, and

wore an air of vexed anxiety." (1)

At the departure of guests and Miss Naylor their distinctive

features are reviewed for the reader in order to impress their

picture on his memory.

"Next was Miss Naylor, his guests were gone; the little girl

with the fair hair and the even like two forget-me-nots, the

little lady with the kindly gestures and the bird-like walk, the

little father dog. He looked straight ahead; the room seemed very

empty. And growing his nose as he entered at the fallen coat

hook up his collar, and threw down his stick." (2)

Next Paul von Korditz, Naylor's father, is introduced as:

"A broad and thin-set man, with white, brushed-up hair, a

short, brown, bushy beard parted at the chin, a fresh complexion

and blue glasses across his thick nose." (3)

Mr. John Galsworthy, *Villa Rustica*, page 7, 8

(1) John Galsworthy, *Villa Rustica*, page 11

(2) John Galsworthy, *Villa Rustica*, page 12

"Harz looking at him keenly now, perceived him to be of middle height and middle-aged and stout, dressed in a loose holland jacket, a very white, starched shirt, and blue silk sash; that he looked particularly clean, had an air of belonging to Society, and exhaled a really fine aroma of excellent cigars and the best hairdresser's essences." (30)

Herr Paul "had dropped his eyeglasses, and his full brown eyes, with the little crowsfeet at the corners, wandered from his visitor to his cigar and back again.

And Harz thought: 'He'd be like a Satyr if he wasn't so clean. Put vine leaves in his hair, paint him asleep, with his hands crossed, so!' " (31)

This in itself is not poor descriptive writing but it lacks ^{the} precision, vividness and unusualness of detail that Mr. Galsworthy gives to his later writing.

In The Island Pharisees, there is some improvement in description as a means of character delineation, but here speech is the dominating method of portrayal. The method of description is more artistic and varied, and more effective material is selected but there is hardly enough description for the reader to picture characters but rather only to know them from their speeches.

Shelton gains his vividness from his speeches and self-analysis rather than from such description.

"A quiet, well-dressed man named Shelton, with a brown face and a short, fair beard, stood by the bookstall at Dover Station." (32)

(30) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 18

(31) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 28

(32) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 3

"Here looking at him keenly now, perceived him to be of
middle height and middle-aged and stout, dressed in a loose
colored jacket, a very white, starched shirt, and blue silk
trousers, and exhibited a really fine air of belonging to
the best society in the land, and a really fine air of belonging to
the best society in the land." (180)

Very Paul had dropped his eyes, and his full brown
eyes, with the little crow's feet at the corners, wandered from
his vision to his cigar and back again.

And Mark thought: "He's like a Satyr if he wasn't so
clean. But vine leaves in his hair, paint his cheeks, with his
hands crossed, so!" (181)

This in itself is not poor descriptive writing, but it lacks
precision, vividness and consciousness of detail that Mr. Gals-
worthy gives to his later writing.

In The Land Phantoms there is some improvement in des-
cription as a means of character delineation, but here again is
the mechanical method of portraiture. The method of description
is more artistic and varied, and more effective material is
selected but there is hardly enough description for the reader
to picture characters but rather only to know them from their
speeches.

Shelton gains his vividness from his speeches and action.
Analysis rather than from such description.

"A quiet, well-dressed man named Shelton, with a brown face

and a soft, fair beard, stood by the bookshelf at Dover Station." (182)

and a soft, fair beard, stood by the bookshelf at Dover Station. (182)

He is gradually described, while he acts and suffers, by such expressions as: "Shelton was unable to repress a smile; and when he smiled his face grew soft." (33)

Antonia Dennant, who is seen only through other characters, is gradually described in detail by picturing her prominent traits.

As they watch one of the Olympian contests at Oxford, Antonia Dennant's soft young shoulder comes in contact with Shelton's arm. "He saw close to him a young girl with fair hair knotted in a ribbon, whose face was eager with excitement. The pointed chin, long neck, the fluffy hair, quick gestures, and the calm strenuousness of her grey-blue eyes impressed him vividly.he was granted a touch from the girl's shy, impatient hand." (34)

And some time later she is recalled when, before Shelton's "eyes there rose Antonia's face, with its unruffled brow." (35)

"Presently, amongst the stream of travellers, he saw Antonia.....Antonia's figure, with its throat settled in the collar of her cape, slender, tall, severe, looked impatient and remote amongst the bustle. Her eyes, shadowed by the journey, glanced eagerly about, welcoming all she saw; a wisp of hair was loose above her ear, her cheeks glowed cold and rosy. She caught sight of Shelton, and bending her neck, stag-like, stood looking at him; a brilliant smile parted her lips..." (36)

In one of the photographs which had been taken by her mother, Antonia was standing just below her young brother. "In (33) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 9
(34) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 15
(35) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 53
(36) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 103

He is gradually described, while he sits and suffers, by each expectation as: "Shelton was unable to repress a smile; and when he smiled his face grew soft." (22)

Antonia Bennett, who is seen only through other characters, is gradually described in detail by picturing her prominent traits.

As they watch one of the Olympic contests at Oxford, Antonia Bennett's soft young shoulder comes in contact with Shelton's arm. "He saw close to him a young girl with fair hair knotted in a ribbon, whose face was eager with excitement. The pointed chin, long neck, the fluffly hair, quick gestures, and the calm attractiveness of her grey-blue eyes impressed him vividly. He was granted a look from the girl's shy, impatient hand." (24)

And some time later she is recalled when, before Shelton's eyes there rose Antonia's face, with its unruffled brow." (25)

"Presently, amongst the stream of travellers, he saw Antonia.... Antonia's figure, with its throat settled in the collar of her cape, slender, alert, severe, looked impatient and remote amongst the crowd. Her eyes, shadowed by the journey, glanced eagerly about, welcoming all she saw; a wisp of hair was loose above her ear, her cheeks flowed cold and raw. She caught sight of Shelton, and bending her neck, step-like, stood looking at him; a brilliant smile parted her lips..." (26)

In one of the photographs which had been taken by her mother, Antonia was standing just below her young brother. "In (27) John Dalworthy, Ireland, 1914, page 100
(28) John Dalworthy, Ireland, 1914, page 100
(29) John Dalworthy, Ireland, 1914, page 100
(30) John Dalworthy, Ireland, 1914, page 100

her half-closed eyes, round throat, and softly tilted chin, there was something cool and watchful." (37)

Another picture of Antonia stresses the same features.

"Antonia was at the piano; her head was bobbing to the movements of her fingers, and pressing down the pedals were her slim monotonously moving feet. She had been playing tennis, for a racquet and her tam-o'-shanter were flung down, and she was dressed in a blue skirt and creamy blouse, fitting collarless about her throat. Her face was flushed, and wore a little frown; and as her fingers raced along the keys, her neck swayed, and the silk clung and shivered on her arms.

Shelton's eyes fastened on the silent, counting lips, on the fair hair about her forehead, the darker eyebrows slanting down toward the nose, the undimpled cheeks with the faint finger-marks beneath the ice-blue eyes, the softly-pouting and dimpled chin, the whole remote, sweet, suntouched, glacial face." (38)

Mr. Galsworthy's best descriptive writing appears in The Man of Property. The Forsyte family is gathered together, a usual custom of Mr. Galsworthy's, in order to afford contrasts.

"Over against the piano a man of bulk and stature was wearing two waistcoats on his wide chest, two waistcoats and a ruby pin, instead of the single satin waistcoat and diamond pin of more usual occasions, and his shaven, square, old face, the colour of pale leather, with pale eyes, had its most dignified look, above his satin stock. This was Swithin Forsyte. Close

(37) John Galsworthy, ^{The} ~~Island~~ Pharisees, page 141

(38) John Galsworthy, ^{The} ~~Island~~ Pharisees, page 192

her half-closed eyes, round throat, and softly tilted chin,
there was something cool and watchful." (24)
Another picture of Antonio stresses the same features.
"Antonio was at the piano; her head was bobbing to the movements of her fingers, and pressing down the pedals were her slim, monotonously moving feet. She had been playing tennis, for a racquet and her ten-o'-shanter were lying down, and she was dressed in a blue skirt and creamy blouse, fitting collarless about her throat. Her face was flushed, and wore a little frown; and as her fingers raced along the keys, her neck swayed, and the silk clung and shivered on her arms.
Shelton's eyes fastened on the silent, counting lips, on the fair hair about her forehead, the darker eyebrows alighting down toward the nose, the undimpled cheeks with the faint finger-marks beneath the ice-blue eyes, the softly-pouting and dimpled chin, the whole remote, sweet, untouched, glacial face." (25)
Mr. Galworthy's best descriptive writing appears in The Men of Property. The Forsyte family is gathered together, a usual custom of Mr. Galworthy's, in order to afford contrasts.
"Over against the piano a man of bulk and stature was wearing two waistcoats on his wide chest, two waistcoats and a tiny pin, instead of the single satin waistcoat and diamond pin of more usual occasions, and his shaven, square, old face, the colour of pale leather, with pale eyes, had its most dignified look, above his ear in stock. This was Gwiltin Forsyte. Close

(25) John Galworthy, The Men of Property, page 141
(24) John Galworthy, The Men of Property, page 132

to the window, where he could get more than his fair share of fresh air, the other twin, James--the fat and the lean of it, old Jolyon called these brothers--like the bulky Swithin, over six feet in height, but very lean, as though destined from his birth to strike a balance and maintain an average, brooded over the scene with his permanent stoop; his grey eyes had an air of fixed absorption in some secret worry, broken at intervals by a rapid, shifting scrutiny of surrounding facts; his cheeks, thinned by two parallel folds, and a long, clean-shaven upper lip, were framed within Dundreary whiskers. Not far off, listening to a lady in brown, his only son Soames, pale and well-shaved, dark-haired, rather bald, had poked his chin up sideways, carrying his nose with that appearance of 'sniff', as though despising an egg which he knew he could not digest. Behind him his cousin, the tall George, son of the fifth Forsyte, Roger, had a Quilpish look on his fleshy face, pondering one of his sardonic jests.

.....

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark gray eyes, and an immense white moustache, which dropped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrewd, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of

to the window, where he could see the fair water of
green air, the other twin, James--the fat and the lean of it, old
John called these brothers--like the bulky British, over six
feet in height, but very lean, as though he had been
to strike a balance and maintain an average, brooded over the
scene with his permanent stoop; his grey eyes had an air of fixed
speculation in some remote worry, broken at intervals by a rapid
admittance of the surrounding world; his cheeks, flamed by
the parallel force, and a long, clean-shaven upper lip, were
tanned with a healthy whiteness. Not far off, listening to a
cry in French, his only son Robert, pale and well-saved, dark-
haired, rather tall, had asked his chin up sideways, carrying
his nose with that movement of 'uplift', as though deciding on
an egg which he knew he could not digest. Behind him the cousin
the tall, thin, son of the first Robert, Robert, had a dignified
look on his fleshy face, considering one of his artistic tastes.

.....
In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as before
a host, stood the head of the family, old John himself.
Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his nose-like
forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white nose-
ache, which dropped and spread below the level of his strong
jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and
polish at his fingers, seemed master of perpetual youth. He
held himself extremely upright, and his right, steady eyes had
lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of

superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men." (39)

"Mrs. Septimus Small was the tallest of the four sisters, her good, round old face had gone a little sour; an innumerable pout clung all over it, as if it had been encased in an iron wire mask up to that evening, which, being suddenly removed, left little rolls of mutinous flesh all over her countenance. Even her eyes were pouting." (40)

Irene Forsyte is the most beautiful and loveable character of all Mr. Galsworthy's creations. Her beauty is completely expressed. Her poise and charm as well as her mannerisms ^{are} delicate and refined but overpowering. Her responsiveness is unique. These effects are all attained by picturing Irene gradually by suggestions of her manner, her features and the effect of her beauty on others whenever she appears. The gradual and continual descriptions of her keep her unusual qualities before the reader.

"A tall woman, with a beautiful figure, which some member of the family had once compared to a heathen goddess, stood looking.....with a shadowy smile.

Her hands, gloved in French gray, were crossed one over the other, her grave, charming face held to one side, and the eyes of all men near were fastened on it. Her figure swayed, so balanced that the very air seemed to set it moving. There was warmth, but little colour, in her cheeks; her large, dark eyes were soft.

But it was at her lips--asking a question, giving an answer, with that shadowy smile--that men looked; they were sensitive lips,

sensuous and sweet, and through them seemed to come warmth and

(39) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 4, 5

(40) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 36

...to the doctor and the mother of the child, "yes."
"The. Repetition of the name of the child, the child's name,
her good, round, his face had been a little more; as if
could change all over it, as if it had been changed in an instant
were made up to that evening, which, being suddenly removed, left
little rolls of fatious flesh all over her countenance. Even
her eyes were pointing." (We)

There is the most beautiful and lovely character
of all. It is the character of the child. Her beauty is completely ex-
pressed. Her face and figure are well as her countenance, which
and refined but overbearing. Her countenance is unique.

These effects are all attained by describing the character of her
suggestions of her manner, her features and the effect of her
beauty on others whenever she appears. The gradual and continuous
description of her keeps her unusual qualities before the reader.

"A tall woman, with a beautiful figure, which some member
of the family had once compared to a marble goddess, stood
looking... with a steady smile."

Her hands, gloved in French grey, were crossed one over the
other, her face, wearing a smile, was held to one side, and the eyes
all and next were fastened on it. Her figure moved, as if
that the very air seemed to not it moving. There was warmth, but
little colour, in her cheeks; her large, dark eyes were soft.

But it was at her lips--looking a question, giving an answer, with
that shadowy smile--that man looked; they were sensitive lips.

sensuous and sweet, and through them seemed to pass warmth and
W. John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 4, 5
W. John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 36

perfume like the warmth and perfume of a flower." (41)

As Swithin greeted Irene "his eyes swelled. She was a pretty woman--a little too pale, but her figure, her eyes, her teeth! Too good for that chap Soames!

The gods had given Irene dark brown eyes and golden hair, that strange combination, provocative of men's glances, which is said to be the mark of a weak character. And the full, soft pallor of her neck and shoulders, above a gold-coloured frock, gave to her personality an alluring strangeness." (42)

With her husband, Irene "was ever silent, passive, gracefully averse; as though terrified lest by word, motion, or sign she might lead him to believe that she was fond of him..." (43)

"Out in the shadow of the Japanese sunshade she was sitting very still, the lace on her white shoulders stirred with the soft rise and fall of her bosom.

But about this silent creature sitting there so motionless; in the dark, there seemed a warmth, a hidden fervour of feeling, as if the whole of her being had been stirred, and some change were taking place in its very depths." (44)

Irene's charm causes people to forget their grievances against her. After James has dined with Irene, "he felt quite warm toward her. She was really a taking little thing; she listened to you, and seemed to understand what you were saying; and, while talking, he kept examining her figure, from her bronze-coloured shoes to the waved gold of her hair. She was

- (41) John Galsworthy, ^{The} Man of Property, page 8
 (42) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 38
 (43) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 59
 (44) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 62

perhaps like the warmth and perfume of a flower." (44)

As Irena gazed Irene "his eyes swelled. She was a
pale woman--a little too pale, but her figure, her eyes, her
feet! Too good for that cheap German!

The gods had given Irene dark brown eyes and golden hair,
that strange combination, provocative of men's desires, which is
said to be the mark of a weak character. And the full, soft
color of her neck and shoulders, above a gold-colored dress,
gave to her personality an alluring attractiveness." (45)

With her husband, Irene "was ever silent, passive, grace-
fully evasive; as though terrified lest by word, motion, or sign
she might lead him to believe that she was fond of him..." (46)

"But in the shadow of the Japanese umbrella she was sitting
very still, the lace on her white shoulders stirred with the
soft rise and fall of her bosom.

But about this silent creature almost there is no actionless;
in the dark, there seemed a warmth, a hidden fervor of feeling,
as if the whole of her being had been stirred, and some change
were taking place in its very depths." (47)

Irene's charm caused people to forget their experiences
against her. After James had dined with Irene, "he felt quite
warm toward her. She was really a lovely little thing; she
listened to you, and seemed to understand what you were saying;
and, while talking, he kept examining her figure, from her
bronze-colored shoes to the waves of gold of her hair. She was

leaning back in an Empire chair, her shoulders poised against the top--her body, flexibly straight and unsupported from the hips, swaying when she moved, as though giving to the arms of a lover. Her lips were smiling, her eyes half-closed." (45)

At the mention of Philip Bosinney, "Irene smiled; and in the curve of her lips was a strange provocation. She seemed to have lost her deference. Her breast rose and fell as though with secret anger; she drew her hands inward from their rest on the arms of her chair until the tips of her fingers met, and her dark eyes looked unfathomably at James." (46)

Soames watches his wife.

After she has spent the afternoon with Bosinney, Irene looks "at herself in the glass. Her cheeks were flushed as if the sun had burned them; her lips were parted in a smile. She stretched her arms out as though to embrace herself, with a laugh that for all the world was like a sob.

.....

He (Soames) hardly recognized her. She seemed on fire, so deep and rich the colour of her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and of the unusual blouse she wore.

She put up her hand and smoothed back the curl. She was breathing fast and deep, as though she had been running, and with every breath perfume seemed to come from her hair, and from her body, like perfume from an opening flower." (47)

- (45) John Galsworthy, ^{The} Man of Property, pages 68, 69
 (46) John Galsworthy, "Man of Property", page 70
 (47) John Galsworthy, "Man of Property", page 216

...back in an Empire chair, her shoulders poised against
the top of her body, flexibly straight and unsupported from the
hips, swaying when she moved, as though living to the arms of a
lover. Her lips were smiling, her eyes half-closed. (40)

At the mention of Philip Bosinney, Irene smiled; and in the
curve of her lips was a strange provocation. She seemed to have
lost her defence. Her breast rose and fell as though with
secret anger, she drew her hands inward from their rest on the
arms of her chair until the tips of her fingers met, and her
dark eyes looked unflinchingly at James. (41)

James watched his wife.
After she had spent the afternoon with Bosinney, Irene
looked "at herself in the glass. Her cheeks were flushed as if
the sun had kissed them; her lips were parted in a smile. She
stretched her arms out as though to embrace herself, with a
laugh that for all the world was like a sob.

.....
He (James) hardly recognized her. She seemed on fire, so
keen and rich the colour of her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and
of the unusual bloom she wore.

She put up her hand and smoothed back the curls. She was
breathing fast and deep, as though she had been running, and with
every breath perfume seemed to come from her hair, and from her
body, like perfume from a glowing flower. (42)

Young Jolyon upon seeing Irene for the first time.....
 "found himself looking furtively at this unknown dame.

Like his father before him, he had an eye for a face. This face was charming!

He saw a rounded chin nestling in a cream ruffle, a delicate face with large dark eyes and soft lips. A black 'picture' hat concealed the hair; her figure was lightly poised against the back of the bench, her knees were crossed; the tip of a patent leather shoe emerged beneath her skirt. There was something indeed, inexpressibly dainty about the person of this lady, but young Jolyon's attention was chiefly riveted by the look on her face, which reminded him of his wife. It was as though its owner had come into contact with forces too strong for her. It troubled him, aroused vague feelings of attraction and chivalry." (48)

Irene has heard of Bosinney's death and of her husband's action against him at court. When Soames returns home he finds her "sitting in her usual corner on the sofa.

.....

Then he caught sight of her face, so white and motionless that it seemed as though the blood must have stopped flowing in her veins; and her eyes, that looked enormous, like the great, wide, startled brown eyes of an owl.

Huddled in her gray fur against the sofa cushions, she had a strange resemblance to a captive owl, bunched in its soft feathers against the wires of a cage. The supple erectness of
 (48) John Galsworthy, the Man of Property, page 234

Young Jolyon upon seeing Irene for the first time.....
"found himself looking curiously at this unknown dame."
Like his father before him, he had an eye for a face. This
face was charming!

He saw a rounded chin resting in a cream ruffie, a delicate
face with large dark eyes and soft lips. A black 'cigarette' hat
concealed the hair; her figure was lightly poised against the
back of the bench. Her knees were crossed; the tip of a patent
leather shoe emerged beneath her skirt. There was something
indeed, inexpressibly dainty about the person of this lady, but
young Jolyon's attention was chiefly riveted by the look on her
face, which reminded him of his wife. It was as though its owner
had come into contact with forces too strong for her. It
troubled him, aroused vague feelings of attraction and
curiosity." (44)

Irene has heard of Rosamund's death and of her husband's
action against him at court. When Rosamund returns home he finds
her "sitting in her usual corner on the sofa."

.....
Then he caught sight of her face, so white and motionless
that it seemed as though the blood must have stopped flowing in
her veins; and her eyes, that looked enormous, like the great,
wide, startled brown eyes of an owl.

Huddled in her gray fur against the sofa cushions, she had
a strange resemblance to a captive owl, perched in its soft
feathers against the wrist of a cage. The subtle strangeness of
(45) John Galsworthy, *Man of Property*, page 204

her figure was gone, as though she had been broken by cruel exercise; as though there were no longer any reason for being beautiful, and supple, and erect." (49)

Details are continually added to the picture so unobtrusively that the reader is not aware of the method of writing but only of the result. This effective method of gradual description is used in all of the novels which follow The Man of Property.

her friends was gone, as though she had been struck by other
asteroids; as though there were no longer any reason for being
beautiful, and simple, and sweet. (44)

Details are occasionally added to the picture as suggestive
ly that the reader is not aware of the method of writing but
only of the result. This of course method of gradual descrip-
tion is used in all of the novels which follow The Man of
Property.

III PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS

For some time novelists have exerted their energies toward analyzing the mind in order to present a keener understanding of characters. The use of psychological analysis in novels has lead to the development of the purely psychological novel which analyzes in great detail the working of the mind. This method is one of the most difficult to use effectively because of the tendency to over-analyze and to give importance to unrelated ideas. When psychological analysis is well written it creates a complete understanding by disclosing all that is in the mind of a character. Mr. Galsworthy has tried to "penetrate, analyze and translate the inner life of the human creature.".....
 (.....) He has "burrowed more deeply into it" than has any psychological novelist. He has "penetrated the dark depths, where feeling and volition are born..... sought to seize and render the actual person, its special tones and rhythms; to communicate the incommunicable, that which distinguishes it from all others, and so constitutes it, a person. ... (He) followed the slow evolution of a mind showing its latent forces in the daily round before displaying them." (50)

All the methods of presenting psychological analysis are combined in Mr. Galsworthy's novels, namely: direct exposition, indirect speech, stream of consciousness. This form of character delineation is not well developed in Jocelyn and Villa Rubein. In ~~the~~ Villa Rubein there are only occasional expressions through indirect speech which hint at psychological

(50) André Chevrillon, Three Studies in English Literature

For some time novelists have exercised their energies toward analyzing the mind in order to present a keener understanding of characters. The use of psychological analysis in novels has led to the development of the purely psychological novel which analyzes in great detail the working of the mind. This method is one of the most difficult to use effectively because of the tendency to over-analyze and to give importance to unrelated ideas. When psychological analysis is well written it creates a complete understanding by disclosing all that is in the mind of a character. Mr. Galworthy has tried to "penetrate, analyze and translate the inner life of the human creature." . . . He has "burrowed more deeply into it" than has any psychological novelist. He has "penetrated the dark depths, where feeling and volition are born. . . . sought to seize and render the actual person, its mental tones and rhythms; to communicate the incommunicable, that which distinguishes it from all others, and so constitutes it, a person. . . . (He) followed the slow evolution of a mind shaping its latent forces in the daily round before displaying them." (20)

All the methods of presenting psychological analysis are combined in Mr. Galworthy's novels, namely: direct exposition, indirect speech, stream of consciousness. This form of character delineation is not well developed in Tolstoy and Villa Robaina. In the Villa Robaina there are only occasional expressions through indirect speech which hint at psychological

André Gide, *Three Studies in English Literature* (20)

analysis but which suggest, rather, emotional conflicts.

Old Dr. Sarelli has just recognized the love between Harz and Christian and likened it to his one short-lived affair.

"Harz stared. And a sort of pity seized on him. He wanted to say something that would be consoling but he could find no words; and suddenly he felt disgust. What link was there between him and this man; between his love and this man's love?" (51)

And Christian felt "a strange and sudden aching in her heart; was Harz going from her? If so, what would there be left? How little and how narrow seemed the outlook of her life--with a great world waiting for her, a world of beauty, effort, self-sacrifices, fidelity!" (52)

Richard Shelton in The Island Pharisees is well analyzed both by indirect speech and by exposition or analysis by the narrator. He is the only character delineated by a form of psychological analysis because, as is often true, it is through him that the story is presented. Mr. Galsworthy creates Shelton as a mouthpiece for his own thoughts so his delineation results from the verbal expression of Shelton's thoughts.

He has been writing some of his impressions of people to Antonia.

"He paused, biting his pen. Had he one acquaintance who would not counsel him to see a doctor for writing in that style? How would the world go round, how could Society exist, without common-sense, practical ability, and the lack of sympathy?" (53)

(51) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, pages 98, 99

(52) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 136

(53) John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, page 37

In arranging for the marriage settlement there is the question of including the customary provision of the wife's forfeiture in case she remarries.

"Exactly! Why should she have his money if she marries again? She would forfeit it. There was comfort in the thought. Shelton came back and carefully reread the clause, to put the thing on a purely business basis, and disguise the real significance of what was passing in his mind." (54)

An improvement in the treatment of pure stream-of-consciousness may be seen in the following:

"Shelton strolled slowly on..... His thoughts were random, curious, half mutinous, half sweet..... Soon she (Antonia) would be his wife--his wife! The faces of the dons sprang up before him. They had wives, perhaps. Fat, lean, satirical, and compromising, what was it that through diversity they had in common? Cultured intolerance!.....Honour!.....A queer subject to discuss. Honour! The honour that made a fuss, and claimed its rights!" (55)

Antonia writes to Dick Shelton to explain the differences she feels between them and also to assure him that she will not break her promise of marriage.

"His first sensation was a sort of stupefaction of relief that had in it an element of anger. He was reprieved! She would not break her promise; she considered herself bound! In the midst of the exaltation of this thought he smiled, and that

(54) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Island Pharisees, page 59

(55) John Galsworthy, "Island Pharisees", pages 180, 181

in arranging for the marriage settlement there is the question of including the customary provision of the wife's dowry in case she remarries.

"Excellent! Why should she have his money if she marries again? She would forfeit it. There was comfort in the thought. Shelton came back and carefully tested the clause, to put the thing on a purely business basis, and dispensed the real significance of what was passing in his mind." (56)

An improvement in the treatment of pure stream-of-consciousness may be seen in the following:

"Shelton strolled slowly on. . . . His thoughts were random, curious, half-mystical, half-sweet. . . . Soon the (Antonio) would be his wife--his wife! The faces of the house stared up before him. They had wives, servants, fat, lean, beautiful, and conventional, what was it that through himself they had in common? Outward infatuation! . . . Honor! . . . A queer subject to discuss. Honor! The honor that made a man, and raised the right!" (57)

Antonio writes to Dick Shelton to explain the differences she feels between them and also to assure him that she will not break her promise of marriage.

"His first sensation was a sort of suspension of relief that had in it an element of anger. He was startled! She would not break her promise; she considered herself bound! In the midst of the exaltation of this thought he smiled, and that

smile was strange.

.....

He saw too well her mind, its clear rigidity, its intuitive perception of that with which it was not safe to sympathize, its instinct for self-preservation, its spontaneous contempt for those without that instinct. And she had written these words considering herself bound to him--a man of sentiment, of rebellious sympathies, of untidiness of principle!

.....

Poor child! She could not jilt him; there was something vulgar in the word! Never should it be said that Antonia Dennant had accepted him and thrown him over. No lady did these things! They were impossible! At the bottom of his heart he had a queer, unconscious sympathy with this impossibility.

.....

What was the good of being angry? He was on the point of losing her! And the anguish of that thought, reacting on his anger, intensified it three-fold.She did not really love him; she wanted to be free of him!

.....

If she would not free herself, the duty was on him! She was ready without love to marry him, as a sacrifice to her ideal of what she ought to be!

But she hadn't, after all, the monopoly of pride!" (56)

(56) John Galsworthy, ^{the}Island Pharisees, p.313, 314, 315, 316

It is this self analysis which helps the reader to gain perspective on the story.

In The Man of Property, Mr. Galsworthy handles psychological analysis so skilfully that his characters live and open their souls to the reader. Old Jolyon Forsyte is portrayed largely through psychological analysis and essentially through indirect speech. Just as Shelton was the character presented and developed by analysis in The Island Pharisees Jolyon is delineated here. His inner self, of beauty and quality, makes him universally enjoyed. Since Mr. Galsworthy desires the reader to see the story from Jolyon's point of view, Jolyon is analyzed more than the other characters. Jolyon visits his son's home.

"What a poor, miserable place; and he thought of the great, empty house in Stanhope Gate, fit residence for a Forsyte, with its huge billiard-room and drawing-room that no one entered from one week's end to another.

"That woman, whose face he had rather liked, was too thin-skinned by half; she gave Jolyon a bad time he knew! And those sweet children! Oh! what a piece of awful folly!

.....

Society, forsooth, the clattering hags and jackanapes had set themselves up to pass judgment on his flesh and blood! A parcel of old women! He stumped his umbrella on the ground as though to drive it into the heart of that unfortunate body, which had dared to ostracise his son and his son's son, in whom he could have lived again!

.....

It is this only analysis which helps the reader to gain

perspective on the story.

In the last chapter, Dr. Galsworthy's analysis

analysis is skillfully done in a character's life and even their

could be the reader. The Tolson character is portrayed largely

through psychological analysis and generalizing Tolson's

analysis. Tolson's character was the character presented and developed

by analysis in The Island Character Tolson is delirious here.

His inner self, of beauty and quality, makes his universality an

analysis. Tolson's Galsworthy desires the reader to see the story

from Tolson's point of view. Tolson is analyzed more than the

other characters. Tolson is the "the man's man."

"What a poor, miserable thing; and he thought of the great

empty house in St. James's Gate, his residence for a fortnight, with

the huge billiard-room and drawing-room that no one entered from

one week-end to another.

"That woman, whose face he had never liked, was the thin-

skinned, pale, and gave Tolson a bad time of it. And those

great children! Oh, what a sight of a family!

.....

Society, forsooth, the elegant hats and lace-trimmed

and themselves up to pass judgment on the French and Italian; a

garment of old woman! He turned, his nostrils on the woman as

though he drove it into the heart of that unfortunate body.

which had tried to overcome his son and his son's son, to whom

he could have lived again!

.....

He thought of June, and her dead mother, and the whole story, with all his old bitterness. A wretched business!

.....

His gaze, travelling round the walls, rested on a picture entitled: 'Group of Dutch fishing boats at sunset'; the chief d'oeuvre of his collection. It gave him no pleasure.....He was lonely! He oughtn't to complain, he knew, but he couldn't help it. He was a poor thing--had always been a poor thing--no pluck!"

"Old Jolyon watched him (his butler), feigning sleep. The fellow was a sneak--he had always thought so--who cared about nothing but rattling through his work, and getting out to his betting or his woman or goodness knew what! A slug! Fat too! And didn't care a pin about his master!

.....

After all why should the man care? He wasn't paid to care, and why expect it? In this world people couldn't look for affection unless they paid for it. It might be different in the next--he didn't know, he couldn't tell!" (57)

This summation of Jolyon's qualities in The Indian Summer of a Forsyte through a stream of consciousness illustrates psychological analysis at its height of development. Jolyon has just learned that Irene will not have tea with him on the following day. It was to have been his greatest pleasure.

(57) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 77, 78

the thought of John, and her dead mother, and the whole story.

with his old business. A wasted business!

.....

his gaze, travelling round the walls, rested on a picture

entitled: 'Group of Dutch Fishermen at sunset'; the other

of scenes of his collection. It gave him no pleasure. He was

lovely! He couldn't be compared to anything, he knew, but he couldn't help

it. He was a poor thing--had always been a poor thing--po

phuck!"

"Old John watched him (his father), looking down. The

father was a weak--he had always thought so--who cared about

nothing but his own little world, and setting out to his

business, his money or goodness, was what? A wife? Not too!

And didn't care a pin about his mother!

.....

after all why should the man care? He wasn't paid to care.

and why expect it? In this world people couldn't look for anything

else unless they said for it. It might be different in the

next--he didn't know, he couldn't tell!" (v)

This quotation of John's is published in The Indian Runner

of a type through a stream of consciousness in the

psychological analysis at the height of development. John has

just learned that there will not have to be with him on the fol-

lowing day. It was to have been his greatest pleasure.

(v) John Galsworthy, Indian Runner, pages 77, 78

He stole into little Holly's nursery. From there he looked out at the blood-red moon and the woods and fields.

"And beauty, like a spirit, walked. 'I've had a long life', he thought, 'the best of nearly everything. I'm an ungrateful chap; I've seen a lot of beauty in my time. Poor young Bosinney said I had a sense of beauty. There's a man in the moon to-night!' A moth went by, another....!Ladies in grey'! Over that log they would climb; would whisper together. She and Bosinney! Funny thought!

.....

And a very odd thought beset him: Did she exist? Had she ever come at all? Or was she but the emanation of all the beauty he had loved and must leave so soon? The violet-grey spirit with the dark eyes and the crown of amber hair, who walks the dawn and the moonlight, and at blue-bell time?

.....

He tiptoed on.....reached his room, undressed at once, stood before a mirror in his night-shirt. What a scarecrow--with temples fallen in, and thin legs!

.....

All was in league to pull him down, even his reflection in the glass, but he was not down--yet!" (58)

And when he receives Irene's telegram stating that she will be with him, he ~~was~~ is so happy that his thoughts radiate his contentment....."Then she did exist and he was not deserted.

Coming down! A glow ran through his limbs; his cheeks and fore-
(58) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Indian Summer of a Forsyte, pages 337, 338

He stole into little Betty's nursery. There she was he looked
up at the black-red moon and the woods and fields.
"Add beauty, like a saint, added. I've had a long
time, he thought. The best of beauty everywhere. I'm an un-
grateful man; I've seen a lot of beauty in my time. Poor young
Hosier, said I had a sense of beauty. There's a man in the room
to-night! A man, went by, another...! Ladies in grey! Over
that for they would climb; would whisper together. He and
continues! Penny thought!

.....
And a very odd thought came; What the devil? Had she ever
come at all? Or was she but the expectation of all the beauty he
had loved and what have he seen? The violet-grey night with
the dark eyes and the crown of amber hair, who waits the dawn
and the moonlight, and at dawn-half light?

.....
He listened on...., reached his room, undressed at once,
stood before a mirror in his night-shirt. What a creature--
with temples fallen in, and thin legs!

.....
All was in league to pull him down, even his reflection in the
glass, but he was not down--yet!" (172)

And when he received Irene's telegram stating that she will
be with him, he is as happy that his thoughts realize his con-
fession.... "Then she did exist and he was not deceived."
Coming down! A glow had brightened his limbs; his cheeks and fore-
head glowed with the ^{light} of a morning, passed 557, 558

head felt hot.....His heart beat fast, and then did not seem to beat at all.What a revel in bright minutes! What a hum of insects, and the cooing pigeons! It was the quintessence of a summer day. Lovely! And he was happy--happy as a sand-boy, whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him up! He had everything in life he wanted--except a little more breath, and less weight--just here! He would see her when she emerged from the fernery come, swaying just a little, a violet-grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions.....He smelled the scent of limes, and of lavender. Ah! that was why there was such a racket of bees. They were excited--busy, as his heart was busy and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy and drugged on honey and happiness; as his heart was drugged and drowsy. Summer--summer--they seemed saying.....In half an hour she would be here. He would have one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit lawn--lady in grey!" (59)

The psychological analysis of Soames is as effective in portraying him and helps to give the reader an understanding of his actions which would appear despicable without this insight.

The doctor had gone. "What, exactly, had he said?

'This is the position, Mr. Forsyte. I can make pretty certain of her life if I operate, but the baby will be born dead. If I don't operate, the baby will most probably be born alive,

(59) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Indian Summer of a Forsyte, pages 338, 339

head felt hot.... His heart beat fast, and then it did not seem to
beat at all.... What a revel in night minutes! What a sum-

of insects, and the cooling pigeon! It was the quietness of
a summer day. Lovely! And he was happy--happy as a sand-boy,
whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him
up! He had everything in life he wanted--except a little more
bread, and less weight--that was! He would see her when she
emerged from the fernery-come, saying that a little, a violet-

grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions.... He
smelled the scent of lilacs, and of lavender. Ah! that was why
there was such a racket of bees. They were excited--busy, as

his heart was busy and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy and drenched
on honey and happiness; as his heart was drenched and drowsy.

Summer--summer--they seemed saying.... In half an hour she would
be here. He would have one tiny rep, because he had had no

little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh
for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit

lawn--lady in grey!" (44)

The psychological analysis of Holmes is as effective in
portraying him and helps to give the reader an understanding of
the actions which would appear desirable without this insight.

The doctor had gone. "What, exactly, had he said?"

"This is the position, Mr. Watson. I can make pretty

certain of her life if I operate, but the baby will be born dead.
If I don't operate, the baby will most probably be born alive.

(45) John Daltry, The Indian Summer of a Forensic, pages 238, 239

but it's a great risk for the mother--a great risk. In either case I don't think she can ever have another child.....It's for you to make the decision!.....The decision! What a decision! No time to get a specialist down! No time for anything! If only he could have understood the doctor's jargon, the medical niceties, so as to be sure he was weighing the chances properly; but they were Greek to him--like a legal problem to a layman. And yet he must decide! These sounds which came from her room! To go back there would only make it more difficult. He must be calm, clear. ... Leaves fell, lives drifted down! Death! To decide about death! ... Life lost was lost for good. Let nothing go that you could keep; for, if it went, you couldn't get it back. And, by a queer somersault of thought, he seemed to see not Annette lying up there behind that window-pane on which the sun was shining, but Irene lying in their bedroom in Montpellier Square; as it might conceivably have been her fate to lie, sixteen years ago. Would he have hesitated then? Not a moment! Operate, operate! Make certain of her life! No decision--a mere instinctive cry for help, in spite of his knowledge, even then, that she did not love him! But this! Ah! there was nothing overmastering in his feeling for Annette! Many times these last months, especially since she had been growing frightened, he had wondered. She had a will of her own, was selfish in her French way. And yet--so pretty! What would she wish--to take the risk. 'I know she wants the child,' he thought. 'If it's born dead, and no more chance afterwards--it'll upset her terribly. No more chance!

but it's a great risk for the mother--a great risk. In either case I don't think she can ever have another child.... It's for you to make the decision!.... The decision! What a decision! No time to get a specialist down! No time for anything!..... If only he could have understood the doctor's language, the medical niceties, so as to be sure he was weighing the chances properly; but they were Greek to him--like a legal problem to a layman. And yet he must decide!..... These sounds which came from her room! To go back there would only make it more difficult. He must be calm, clear.... Leaves fell, lives drifted down! Death! To decide about death!... Life lost was lost for good. Let nothing go that you could keep; for, if it went, you couldn't get it back.... And, by a queer sort of coincidence, he seemed to see not Annette lying up there behind that window-pane on which the sun was shining, but Irene lying in their bedroom in Longfield Square; as it might conceivably have been her fate to die, sixteen years ago. Would he have hesitated then? Not a moment! Operate, operate! Make certain of her life! No decision--a mere instinctive cry for help, in spite of his knowledge, even then, that she did not love him! But this! Ah! there was nothing overwhelming in his feeling for Annette! Many times these last months, especially since she had been growing frightened, he had wondered.... She had a will of her own, was selfish in her French way. And yet--so pretty! What would she wish--to take the risk. 'I know she wants the child,' he thought. 'If it's born dead, and no more chance afterwards--it'll upset her terribly. No more chance!

All for nothing! Nothing to look forward to, for her-- for me! ' Why couldn't he think without bringing himself in--get out of himself and see what he ought to do? Out of oneself! Impossible! It was his child that she was having. If for the operation--then he condemned them both to childlessness. And for what else had he married her but to have a lawful heir?

..... 'That fellow Jolyon,' he thought; 'he had children already. He has the woman I really loved; and now a son by her! And I--I'm asked to destroy my only child! Annette can't die; it's not possible. She's strong!' " (60)

A similar use of psychological analysis is found in the later novels but never afterwards does Mr. Galsworthy succeed in creating characters which are any more real than those in The Forsyte Saga.

In The Island Pharisaees there is some use of gradual delineation by brief reports which help to qualify the family of Dennants.

" 'They're awfully nice people, the Dennants.' " (44)
 " 'Dennant! Are those the Holt Oaks Dennants? She was a Penguin!' " (44)

" 'Ah! ... charming people, the Dennants!' " (44)

 'The eldest girl especially; no nonsense about her. I thought she was a particularly nice girl.' " (44)

(66) John Galsworthy, In Chancery, pages 588, 589, 590

All for nothing! Nothing to look forward to, for her--
 for me! Why couldn't he think without bringing himself
 in--get out of himself and see what he ought to do? Out
 of oneself! Impossible! It was his child that she was
 having. It for the operation--then he contained that hope in
 childlessness. And for what else had he married her but to
 have a lawful heir?

..... That fellow Jolyon, he thought; he had
 children already. He has the woman I really loved; and now a
 son by her! And I--I'm asked to destroy my only child!
 Annette can't die; it's not possible. She's strong!" (60)
 A similar use of psychological analysis is found in the
 later novels but never afterwards does Mr. Galworthy succeed
 in creating characters which are any more real than those in
The Forsyte Saga.

IV REPORTS

The report of a situation or of an individual does not give a reliable picture, as a general rule, because it may result from a prejudiced point of view. But whether this picture be favorable or unfavorable, it is useful in presenting influential judgments. In fiction, reports of situations delineate the characters who are involved--the affairs in question as well as those who present and discuss the reports. This method of delineation is convincing if it is not overemphasized and given a major position in the narration. It is effectively employed to vivify leading characters by presenting reactions of others and also to delineate minor actors.

There is practically no delineation of character by report in ~~the~~ Villa Rubein. The characteristic spirit and mutual interest and understanding in the apparently trivial remarks are lacking in Mr. Galsworthy's early attempt at portrayal by report.

In the Island Pharisees there is some use of gradual delineation by brief reports which help to qualify the family of Dennants.

" 'They're awfully nice people, the Dennants'." (61)

" 'Dennant! Are those the Holm Oaks Dennants? She was a Penguin!' " (62)

" 'Ah!.....charming people, the Dennants!'

.....

'The eldest girl especially; no nonsense about her. I thought she was a particularly nice girl.' " (63)

(61) John Galsworthy, the Island Pharisees, page 40

(62) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 64

(63) John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees, page 227

The report of a situation or of an individual does not give a reliable picture, as a general rule, because it may result from a prejudiced point of view. But whether this picture is favorable or unfavorable, it is useful in presenting information. In fiction, reports of situations influence the characters who are involved--the attitude in question as well as those who present and discuss the reports. This method of dealing with a situation is convenient if it is not overemphasized and given a major position in the narrative. It is effectively employed to vividly lead the character by presenting reactions of others and also to delineate other reports.

There is practically no delineation of character by report in the Willa Cather. The characters are given and their interest and understanding in the narrative is given by report. In the Island Phobias, there is some use of indirect delineation by other reports which help to qualify the family of Denny.

" 'They're awfully nice people, the Denny's.' " (44)
" 'Denny! Are those the Holt Oak Denny's? Hasn't a Denny!' " (45)
" 'Ah!... oh, those people, the Denny's.' "

.....
'The eldest girl especially; no nonsense about her. He thought she was a particularly nice girl.' " (46)
" 'John Denny, I think, is a very nice man.' " (47)
" 'John Denny, I think, is a very nice man.' " (48)
" 'John Denny, I think, is a very nice man.' " (49)

In The Man of Property, all of the many pointed reports present the characters in distinct, critical attitudes. Irene Forsyte, who is always present "through the senses of other characters" (64) is vividly delineated through reports of one of the Forsytes to another or "on Forsyte 'change". (65)

Swithin describes an afternoon with Irene when they drive to Robin Hill to look over her new home.

"Irene came out at once, and stepped in.....'as light as--er--Taglioni, no fuss about it, no wanting this or wanting that;.....no silly nervousness!' To Aunt Hester he portrayed Irene's hat. 'Not one of your great flopping things, sprawling about, and catching the dust, that women are so fond of nowadays, but a neat little-----,.....white veil--capital taste?

.....
'There's style about her', he went on, 'fit for a king! And she's so quiet with it too!'

'She seems to have made quite a conquest of you, any way,' drawled Aunt Hester from her corner.

.....
'What's that?' he said. 'I know a--pretty--woman when I see one, and all I can say is, I don't see the young man about that's fit for her, but perhaps--you--do, come, perhaps--you--do!' " (66)

Philip Bosinney is also portrayed through reports of the Forsytes and always from their point of view and with their censure. Through the 'Forsyte 'Change', Bosinney is known to be a

(64) John Galsworthy, The Forsyte Saga, Preface

(65) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 44

(66) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 113, 114, 115

In The War of Property, all of the many pointed reports present the characters in distinct, critical attitudes. Irene Forayle, who is always present "through the ranges of other characters" (104) is vividly delineated through reports of one of the Forayles to another or "on Forayle 'chances' (105).
Selvin described an afternoon with Irene when they drove to Robin Hill to look over her new home.

"Irene came out at once, and stared in..... as if she were--familiar, no less about it, no waiting this or waiting that;..... no silly nervousness! To Aunt Hester he portrayed Irene's hat. 'Not one of your great flapping things, sprawling about, and catching the dust, that women are so fond of nowadays, but a neat little--white vell--cap?' (106)

.....
'There's a style about her', he went on, 'fit for a king! and she's as quiet with it too!'
'She seems to have made quite a conquest of you, my son.'
Aunt Hester from her corner.

.....
'What's that?' he said. 'I know a pretty--woman when I see one, and all I can say is, I don't see the young man about that! fit for her, but perhaps--you--do, come, perhaps--you--do!' (107)
Philip Bosinney is also portrayed through reports of the Forayles and always from their point of view and with their conclusions. Through the 'Forayle 'Chances', Bosinney is known to be a

(104) John Galsworthy, The War of Property, London, 1902, page 104.
(105) John Galsworthy, The War of Property, London, 1902, page 105.
(106) John Galsworthy, The War of Property, London, 1902, page 106.

poor, young architect. He is so poor that Aunt Ann wonders at Jolyon's agreeing to his engagement to June. Ann ~~was~~ told that " 'there's no chance of their getting married for years. This young Bosinney has got nothing'." (67)

Old Jolyon's coachman remarks that he didn't know " 'what to make of 'im. Looks to me for all the world like an 'alf-tame leopard'." (68)

The reader learns of his strange actions toward June and of his suspected relations with Irene, of his habits of living and of his "getting into the swim" with his remarkable creations, and even of his death, through reports of the Forsytes. Of course, the Forsytes suspect much more than they state.

Mr. Galsworthy combines reports with a stream of consciousness and with pure exposition so that the result is a unified and convincing impression rather than a collection of details.

In The Country House George Pendyce, Helen Bellew and Jaspar Bellew are delineated almost entirely by reports which give information about their individualities, their relationships to each other, and also the attitudes of other characters toward them. Here, most of the delineation of these characters as well as the progress of the story depend upon reports. This is the only novel in which this importance is given to reports.

" 'That fellow Bellew is a cracked chap. They call him the desperate character about here. Drinks like a fish, and rides like the devil. She used to go pretty hard, too. I've noticed there's always a couple like that in a hunting country. Did you

(67) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Man of Property, page 9

(68) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 8

poor, young schoolboy. He is so poor that Aunt Ann wonders at
Tolton's agreeing to his engagement to Jane. Ann is told that
"there's no chance of their getting married for years. This
young Goodman has got nothing." (47)

Old Tolton's opinion is that "what a didn't know" what
to make of it. Looks to me for all the world like an 'self-
serving'." (48)

The reader learns of his strange notions toward Jane and of
his suggested relations with Irene, of his habits of living and
of his "getting into the swim" with his remarkable relations,
and even of his death, through reports of the Forsters. Of course
the Forsters suggest much more than they state.

2. Galworthy combines reports with a series of conclusions—
ones and with pure speculation so that the result is a unified
and convincing impression rather than a collection of details.

In The Country House George Pendyce, Helen Bellier and
other Belliers are delineated almost entirely by reports which
give information about their individualities, their relationships
to each other, and also the attitudes of other characters toward
them. Here, most of the delineation of these characters as well
as the progress of the story depend upon reports. This is the
only novel in which this importance is given to reports.

"That fellow Bellier is a cracked one," they call him the
"cracked one" about here. Think like a fish, and rides
like the devil. She used to go pretty hard, too. I've noticed
there's always a couple like that in a hunting country. Did you

ever see him, Thin, high-shouldered, white-faced chap, with little dark eyes and a red moustache.'

'She's still a young women?'

'Thirty or thirty-two.'

'How was it they didn't get on?'

.....

'Case of the kettle and the pot.'

'It's easy to see she's fond of admiration. Love of admiration plays old Harry with women!'

.....

'There was a child, I believe, and it died. And after that--I know there was some story; you never could get to the bottom of it. Bellew chucked his regiment in consequence. She's subject to moods, they say, when nothing's exciting enough; must skate on thin ice, must have a man skating after her. If the poor devil weighs more than she does, in he goes.'

'That's like her father, old Cheriton. I knew him at the club--one of the old sort of squires: married his second wife at sixty and buried her at eighty. Old 'Clarty and Piquet', they called him; had more children under the rose than any man in Devonshire. I saw him playing half-crown points the week before he died. It's in the blood. What's George's weight?--ah, ha!' " (69)

" 'Helen Bellew...was such a lovely girl. Her grandfather was my mother's cousin. What does that make her?'

ever see him. Thin, high-shouldered, white-faced chap, with
little dark eyes and a red nose.

'What's still a young woman?'

'Thirty or thirty-two.'

'How was it they didn't get on?'

.....

'Case of the kettle and the pot.'

'It's easy to see she's fond of adoration. Love of ad-

oration gave old Harry with women!'

.....

'There was a child, I believe, and it died. And after

that--I know there was some story; you never could get to the

bottom of it. Belieu checked his reluctant in consequence. She's

subject to moods, they say, when nothing's exciting enough; must

shake on thin ice, must have a man skating after her. If the

door devil told the worst than she does, in his case.'

'That's like her father, old Chester. I knew him at the

club--one of the old sort of advisers: married his second wife

at sixty and buried her at eighty. Old 'Clarity and Piquet.'

they called him; had more children under the tree than any man

in Devonshire. I saw his playing half-crown points the week

before he died. It's in the blood. What's George's weight--

and, what? (L)

'Belieu Belieu.... was such a lovely girl. Her grandfather was

my mother's cousin. What does that make her?'

(L) John Galsworthy, The Country House, pages 21, 22

'What a beautiful figure she has! It's so refreshing. I envy a woman with a figure like that; it looks as if it would never grow old.'

'Do you know Jaspar Bellew?'

'No.'

'It's such a pity he drinks. He came to dinner here once, and I'm afraid he must have come intoxicated. He took me in; his little eyes quite burned me up. He drove his dog cart into a ditch on the way home. That sort of thing gets about so. It's such a pity. He's quite interesting. Horace can't stand him.'

.....

'Every man is in love with Helen Bellew. She is so tremendously alive. My cousin Gregory has been in love with Helen Bellew, for years, though he is her guardian.....It's quite romantic. If I were a man I should be in love with her myself.' " (70)

" 'My dear,.....I'm the last person in the world to repeat gossip, as you know; but I think it's only right to tell you that I've been hearing things. You see, my boy Fred belongs to the same club as your son George--the Stoics. I'm sorry to say there's no doubt about it; your son has been seen dining at--perhaps I ought not to mention the name--Blafard's with Mrs. Bellew. I dare say you don't know what sort of a place Blafard's is--a lot of little rooms where people go when they don't want to be seen.' " (71)

(70) John Galsworthy, The Country House, pages, 32, 33, 35, 35

(71) John Galsworthy, The Country House, page 76

'What a beautiful figure she has! It's so refreshing. I
envy a woman with a figure like that; it looks as if it would
never grow old.'

'Do you know Jasper Bellow?'

'No.'

'It's such a pity he drinks. He came to dinner here once,
and I'm afraid he must have come intoxicated. He took me in;
his little eyes quite turned me up. He drove his dog cart into
a ditch on the way home. That sort of thing gets about so. It's
such a pity. He's quite interesting. You can't stand him.'

.....
'Every man is in love with Helen Bellow. She is so tremen-
dously alive. My cousin Gregory has been in love with Helen
Bellow for years, though he is her cousin.....It's quite
romantic. If I were a man I should be in love with her
myself.'

'My dear.....I'm the last person in the world to repeat
words, as you know; but I think it's only right to tell you
that I've been hearing things. You see, my boy Fred belongs to
the same club as your son George--the Sticks. I'm sorry to say
there's no doubt about it; your son has been seen dining at--
perhaps I ought not to mention the name--Biffard's with Mrs.
Bellow. I dare say you don't know what sort of a place
Biffard's is--a lot of little rooms where people go when they
don't want to be seen.'

Reports are skilfully used to create the feeling of reality and completeness in characters. Although report is the least important of the four methods of direct delineation its development corresponds to that of the other methods and its value is proportional.

Reports are chiefly used to create the feeling of reality and completeness in the observer. Although report is the least important of the four methods of direct observation the development corresponds to that of the other methods and its value is proportional.

INDIRECT DELINEATION

I SPEECH

Mr. Galsworthy's success with dialogues is due to his ability and discrimination in writing as well as to the wealth of awareness and sincerity in his ideas. He states himself clearly and naturally, and he practices exigent selection in expression so that every word, however trivial, contributes demonstrably toward the effect. Through dialogue in his novels he expresses his own views and, at the same time, delineates his characters.

In Villa Rubein, the characters speak clearly but not individually. The people who are gathered at the Villa Rubein represent several classes and nationalities yet they all speak like members of an educated English society.

Harz, a Tyrolean with little education, speaks his somewhat Bohemian views in a very English way.

" 'A man must do the best there is in him. If he has to suffer--let him suffer. ... I shall get something into it that everybody does not see--something that's behind the surface, and will last.' " (72)

Christian shares this sentiment with English girl characters in the later novels but with her the expression is forced; with Irene Forsyte or Denny Cherrell it is natural.

" 'It must be right to get as near the truth as possible; every step we gain is something. You believe in truth; truth is the same as beauty--that was what you said--you try to paint the

(72) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 4

Mr. Salaswsky's answer with dialogue is due to his skill

and distinction in writing as well as to the wealth of

experience and sincerity in his ideas. He states himself clearly

and naturally, and he states his opinion in expression

as that every word, however trivial, contributes dramatically

toward the effect. Through dialogue in his novels he expresses

his own views and, at the same time, delineates his characters.

In Villa Rubia, the characters speak clearly but not in-

dividually. The people who are gathered at the Villa Rubia

represent several classes and nationalities yet they all speak

like members of an educated English society.

Next, a Tyrolean with little education, speaks his somewhat

Bohemian views in a very English way.

"A man who is the best there is in him. It has to

suffer--let him suffer. . . . I shall get something into it that

everybody does not see--something that's behind the surface, and

will last." (26)

Christian states this sentiment with English first charac-

ters in the later novels but with the expression is forced;

when Irene says to Henry Charnell it is natural.

"I must be right to get me near the truth as possible;

every step we gain is something. You believe in truth; truth is

the same as beauty--that was what you said--you try to make the

City John Salaswsky. Villa Rubia, page 4

truth, you always see the beauty. How can we know any part of the truth, unless we know too what is at the root of it?' " (73)

The most outstanding form of delineation in The Island Pharisees is speech. Every utterance has a profound and an irrevocable importance and every silence is significant. The author deliberately relies upon omission and reticence for effect.

The ideas exchanged between Shelton and a young Frenchman, Ferrand, are conflicting and so present different views. These characters act distinctly as mouthpieces for the author and, at the same time, they are clearly portrayed.

" 'But is there nothing to be done for that poor girl?'

.....

'A broken jug,.....you'll never mend her. She's going to a cousin in London to see if she can get help; you've given her the means of getting there--it's all that you can do. One knows too well what'll become of her.'

Shelton said gravely:

'Oh! that's horrible! Couldn't she be induced to go back home? I should be glad--.'

The foreign vagrant shook his head.

'Mon cher monsieur,.....you evidently have not yet had occasion to know what the "family" is like. The family does not like damaged goods.' " (74)

Mrs. Dennant's liberties with speech emphasize her privileges of superiority and her established social position over

(73) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, page 74

(74) John Galsworthy, the Island Pharisees, page 12

truth, you always see the beauty. How can we know any part of
the truth, unless we know for what it is the root of it? (2)

The most outstanding form of religion in the world
Platonism is reason. Every philosopher has a profound and an in-
comprehensible importance and every silence is significant. The
author deliberately raises upon existence and resistance for
effect.

The ideas exchanged between Shelley and a young Frenchman,
Bertrand, are conflicting and so present different views. These
characters are distinctly as counterparts for the author and, at
the same time, they are clearly portrayed.

"But in there nothing is to be done for that poor girl."

.....
"A broken jug..... You'll never mend her. She's going to
a cousin in London to see if she can get help; you've given her
the means of getting there--it's all that you can do. One
knows too well what'll become of her."

Shelton said gravely:
"Oh! that's horrible! Couldn't she be induced to go back
home? I should be glad--"

The foreign visitor shook his head.

"Don't overestimate..... You evidently have not yet had
occasion to know what the "family" is like. The family does not
live damaged goods." (3)

Mrs. Bennett's liberality with speech was not her princi-
pal of superiority and her established social position was
not John Calverley, *Willa Rubens*, page 12
and John Calverley, *Willa Rubens*, page 12

the people who are not so well born and reared.

" 'Are you the Mr. Shelton who used to play the "bones" at Eton?.....Oh, we so often heard of you from Bernard! He was your fag, wasn't he? How distressin' it is to see these poor boys in the boats! ' " (75)

In The Man of Property the dinner conversation at Soames' and Irene's dinner appears to be "small talk" yet it reveals intimate depths of emotion and the conflict between the individuals.

"Dinner began in silence; the women facing one another, and the men.

In silence the soup was finished--excellent, if a little thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handled.

Bosinney ventured; 'It's the first Spring day.'

Irene echoed softly: 'Yes--the first spring day.'

'Spring!' said June, 'There isn't a breath of air!' No one replied.

The fish was taken away.....and Bilson brought champagne, a bottle swathed around the neck with white.

Soames said: 'You'll find it dry.'

Irene asked: 'Phil, have you heard my blackbird?'

Bosinney answered: 'Rather--he's got a hunting-song. As I came round I heard him in the Square.'

'He's such a darling!'

'Salad, sir?'

the people who are not so well born and reared.
"Are you the Mr. Spelton who used to play the 'bones' at
Knox?.... Oh, we are often heard of you from Bernard! He was
your tag, wasn't he? How distressing! It is so long since you
were in the house!" (p. 17)

In the end of the dinner conversation at Soames',
and Irene's dinner appears to be "small talk" yet it reveals
intense depths of emotion and the conflict between the individual
and the world.

"Dinner began in silence; the women facing one another, and
the men."

In silence the soup was finished--excellent, it a little
thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handled.

Boisjourny ventured: 'It's the first spring day.'
Irene echoed softly: 'Yes--the first spring day.'
'Glorious!' said June, 'There isn't a breath of wind! No one
regrets.

The first was taken away..... and Alison brought champagne,
a bottle swathed around the neck with white.
Soames said: 'You'll find it dry.'

.....
Irene asked: 'This, have you heard of, Boisjourny?
Boisjourny answered: 'Rather--he's got a fainting-fit. As
I came round I heard him in the doorway.'
'He's such a darling!'

'Silly, isn't it?.....'
(p. 18) John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*, 1906, p. 18

But Soames was speaking: 'The asparagus is very poor. Bosinney, glass of sherry with your sweet? June, you're drinking nothing!'

June said: 'You know I never do. Wine's such horrid stuff!'

An apple charlotte came upon a silver dish. And smilingly Irene said: 'The azaleas are so wonderful this year!'

To this Bosinney murmured: 'Wonderful! The scent's extraordinary!'

June said: 'How can you like the scent? Sugar, please, Bilson.'

Irene beckoning, said: 'Take out the azalea, Bilson. Miss June can't bear the scent.'

'No; let it stay,' said June.

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on little plates.....

The olives were removed. Lifting her tumbler June demanded: 'Give me some water, please.' Water was given her. A silver tray was brought, with German plums. There was a lengthy pause. In perfect harmony all were eating them.

Bosinney counted up the stones: 'This year--next year--some time--'

Irene finished softly: 'Never. There was such a glorious sunset. The sky's ruby still--so beautiful'.

He answered: 'Underneath the dark.'

Their eyes had met, and June cried scornfully: 'A London

But Suzanne was speaking: 'The restaurant is very poor.'

Postman, glass of sherry with your sweet? June, you're

drinking nothing!'

June said: 'You know I never do. Wine's much more

stuffy!'

An apple Charlotte came once a silver dish. And smilingly

Irene said: 'The restaurant is so wonderful this year!'

To this Suzanne murmured: 'Wonderful! The secret's extra-

ordinarily!'

June said: 'How can you like the secret? Sugar, please.

Ellen!'

.....

Irene beckoning, said: 'Take out the apples, Ellen. Also

June can't bear the secret.'

'No; let it stay,' said June.

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on

little plates.....

The olives were removed. Lillian her transfer June demanded:

'Give me some water, please.' Water was given her. A silver

tray was brought, with German wine. There was a lengthy pause.

In perfect harmony all were eating them.

Suzanne counted up the stones: 'This year--next year--

some time--'

Irene finished softly: 'Never. There was such a glorious

summer. The sky's ruby still--so beautiful!'

He answered: 'Underneath the dark.'

Their eyes had met, and June cried excitedly: 'A London

sunset!'

Egyptian cigarettes were handed in a silver box. Soames, taking one, remarked: 'What time's your play begin?'

No one replied, and Turkish coffee followed in enamelled cups.

Irene, smiling quietly, said: 'If only--'

'Only what?' said June.

'If only it could always be the spring!'

.....

They all arose.

.....

Irene, from the window, murmured: 'Such a lovely night! The stars are coming out!'

Soames added: 'Well, I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves.'

From the door June answered: 'Thanks. Come, Phil.'

Bosinney cried: 'I'm coming.'

Soames smiled a sneering smile, and said: 'I wish you luck!'

And at the door Irene watched them go.

Bosinney called: 'Good night!'

'Good night!' she answered softly....." (76)

Mr. Galsworthy's ability to create personality through dialect is illustrated by this dialogue from The Freelanders.

"'You a native here?'

"'No, sir. From over Malvern way. Livin' here with my darter, owin' to my leg. Her 'usband works in this here factory.'

(76) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 105, 106

sunset!"
Republican cigarettes were handed in a silver box. However,
tasting one, remarked: "What time's your play being?"
No one replied, and Turkish coffee followed in unswelled

cup.
Irene, smiling quietly, said: "It only--"

"Only what?" said June.

"It only it could always be the spring!"

.....
They all arose.

.....
Irene, from the window, murmured: "Good a lovely night!"

The stars are coming out!"

Roscoe added: "Well, I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves."

From the door June answered: "Thanks, Gene, Phil."

Boisjany cried: "I'm coming!"

Roscoe smiled a smearing smile, and said: "I wish you

luck!"

And at the door Irene watched them go.

Boisjany called: "Good night!"

"Good night," she answered softly....." (LW)

Mr. Galworthy's ability to create personality through

dialogue is illustrated by this dialogue from The Free Land.

"You a native here?"

"No, sir. From over Salween way. Living here with my

barter, even to my feet. Her husband works in this here factory."

(LW) John Galworthy, The Law of Property, pages 102, 103

"And I'm from London," Felix said.

"Thart you were. Fine place, London, they say!"

"Not so fine as this Worcestershire of yours."

"Aye!" he said, "people'll be a bit nervy-like in towns, nowadays. The country be a good place for a healthy man, too; I don't want no better place than the country--never could abide bein' shut in." (77)

The author's ability to create characters through dialogue in the novel has lead to his similar success and leadership in drama.

When, however, the complete action, and picture its immediate and lasting results or he may indirectly suggest the action and leave it incomplete to be understood. The latter was more difficult to express clearly but is more artistically and effective when it is skillfully handled.

In The Villa Rubia the distinction between impulsive and premeditated action is not clear to the reader. Actions which are intended to be spontaneous and intense are sluggish and without proper motivation. This impulsive quarrel between Dr. Farrell and Mary is intended to typify foreign immigrants and intolerance.

Mary now said that a nation is only a copy.

"Ah! you say?"

"Think!" cried Mary, "I know!"

"Then you have given me life, Mary," and drawing out his handkerchief Farrell flicked it in the woman's face.

Mary turned white.

(77) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Freelands, pages 255, 256

'And I'm from London,' Fells said.

'But you were. "One place, London, they say!"

'Not so fine as the Worcestershire of yours.'

'Well,' he said, 'people'll be a bit nervy-like in town.

country. The country be a good place for a healthy man. And

don't want no better place than the country--never could make

use, that in."

The author's ability to create characters through dialogue

in the novel has led to his similar success and leadership in

drama.

II ACTION

An action may be distinguished as impulsive or deliberate. The former type reflects temperament and is spontaneous and reflexive; the latter reflects premeditation and is controlled by experiences, training, and outside forces. In novels of character action is of minor importance to character and is selected only for purposes of delineation. In selecting action, the novelist must keep in mind its direct effect on delineation of character and also its conformity and contribution to the plot. He may, then, narrate the complete action, and picture its immediate and lasting results or he may indirectly suggest the action and leave it incomplete to be understood. The latter use is more difficult to express clearly but is more artistic and effective when it is skilfully handled.

In ~~the~~ Villa Rubein the distinction between impulsive and premeditated action is not clear to the reader. Actions which are intended to be spontaneous and intense are sluggish and without proper motivation. This impulsive quarrel between Dr. Sarelli and Harz is intended to typify foreign temperaments and intolerance.

Harz has said that a painting is only a copy.

" 'Ah! You think?'

'Think!' cried Harz; 'I know.'

'Then you have given the lie, Signor,' and drawing out his handkerchief Sarelli flicked it in the painter's face.

Harz turned white.

An action may be distinguished as impulsive or deliberate.

The former type reflects temperament and is spontaneous and reflexive; the latter reflects premeditation and is controlled

by experience, training, and outside forces. In novels of

character action is of minor importance to character and is

selected only for purposes of delineation. In selecting action,

the novelist must keep in mind the direct effect on delineation

of character and also its conformity and contribution to the story.

He may, then, narrate the complete action, and within its

immediate and lasting results or he may indirectly suggest the

action and leave it incomplete to be understood. The latter way

is more difficult to express clearly but is more artistic and

effective when it is skillfully handled.

In Two Villa Ruggia the distinction between impulsive and

premeditated action is not clear to the reader. Actions which

are intended to be spontaneous and impulsive are suggested and

without proper motivation. This impulsive quality between Mr.

Barrelli and Vera is intended to typify certain temperaments and

intelligence.

Vera has said that a painting is only a copy.

"Ah! You think?"

"Think," cried Vera; "I know."

"Then you have given the life, Elmer," and drawing out his

handkerchief Barrelli flicked it in the painter's face.

Vera turned white.

'Duelling is a custom!' said Sarelli. 'It is a manner too. You don't know any manners; I shall have the honour to teach you just this one, unless you are afraid. Here are pistols--this is a good room, it is twenty feet across at least, twenty feet is no bad distance.'

And pulling out a drawer he took two pistols from a case, and put them on the table:

'The light is good--but perhaps you are afraid.'

'Give me one!' shouted the infuriated painter; and go to the devil for a fool.'

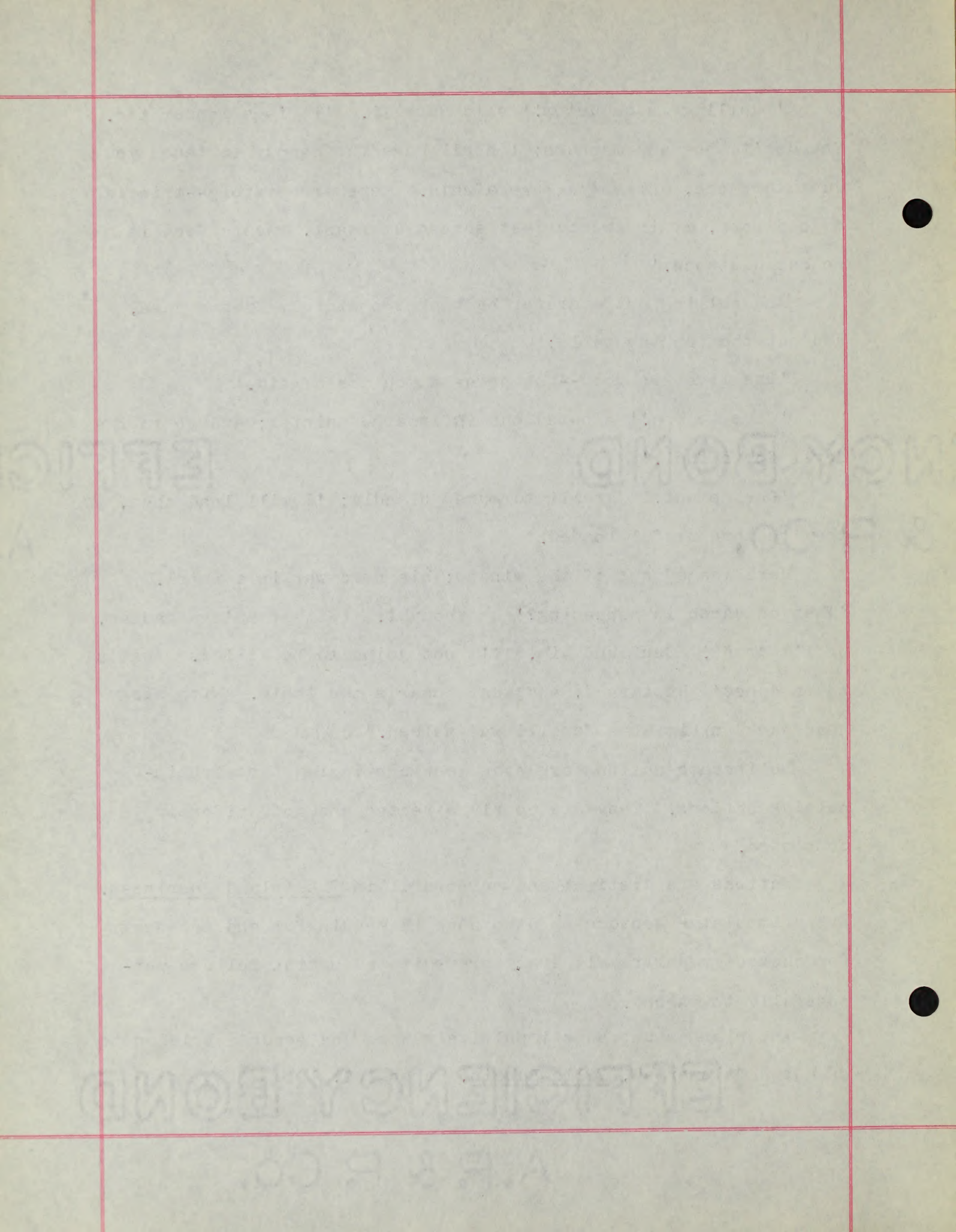
'One moment,' Sarelli murmured blandly; 'I will load them, they're more useful loaded.'

Harz leaned out of the window; his head was in a whirl. 'What on earth is happening?' he thought. 'Either he's a madman, or I'm drunk! Confound him! I'm not going to be killed. What's to be done?' He turned, and went towards the table. With his head sunk on his arms Sarelli was asleep." (78)

Deliberate actions are even less convincing than are impulsive actions. They are poorly directed and not uniformly completed.

Actions are distinct and purposeful in The Island Pharisees. Every impulsive gesture or utterance is meaningful and necessary for character portrayal; every premeditated action follows purposefully to an end.

Antonia Dennant acts impulsively when she sends a brief note (78) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, pages 100, 101



to Shelton asking him to leave. A rational letter follows, which contains an apology and a promise that their engagement will be lasting, for if she should fail to keep her word she might be condemned by everybody.

After a first impulsive relief he then deliberately breaks the engagement by 'mutual agreement.' This artistic treatment results in the creation of sensitive and vivid characters.

All the Forsytes in The Man of Property act impulsively according to their common principles which vary in intensity among them all and especially between the lines^{of} James and of Jolyon. Deliberate actions represent the greatest possible extremes. James and his son, Soames, are selfish, heartless and unforgiving in all of their actions, while Jolyon and his son, 'Jo,' are generous, loveable, and sympathetic.

The Forsytes respond rapidly and similarly to such a stimulus as encroachment on their rights or possessions, but their deliberate actions resulting from such a stimulus are extremely conflicting. James and Soames violently demand justice according to their own lawful rights; Jolyon and 'Jo' seek freedom and justice through individual rights. Soames pursues an offender; 'Jo' graciously leaves one. Soames' feelings let him neglect gentlemanly graces, be brutal and lose his battles even though the law pronounces him in the right. Jolyon is above any such actions in spite of his "moral crime."

Irene's despair, Soames' selfishness, and young Jolyon's sympathy are vividly pictured through their actions.

Soames sees an unknown man standing at the door of his

...a letter asking him to leave. A national letter follows
which contains an apology and a promise that their engagement
will be lasting. For it was about this to keep her word she
might be condemned by everybody.

After a first tentative relief he then deliberately breaks
the engagement by "moral argument." This artistic treatment
results in the creation of sensitive and vivid characters.

All the virtues in the name of money are immediately
according to their common principles which vary in intensity
among them all and especially between the three cases and of
course. Deliberate actions represent the extreme possible
extremes. James and his son, however, are selfish, materialists and
unforgiving in all of their actions. With John and his son,
"Jo," are generous, lovable, and sympathetic.

The virtues respond rapidly and actively to such a
situation as encouragement on their rights or responsibilities. But
their deliberate actions resulting from such a stimulus are
extremely complicated. James and John violently demand free-
dom according to their own lawful rights; John and "Jo" seek
freedom and justice through individual rights. James, however, is
an offender; "Jo" graciously leaves one. James' feelings for
his selfish gentleness, grace, he brutal and lose his battles
even though the law vindicates him in the right. John is above
any such actions in spite of his "moral crime."

James' honesty, James' selfishness, and John's loyalty
expressed are worthy of admiration through their actions.
James' seen as unknown and standing up the back of his

home. Irene has returned home after the death of her lover.

"And sharply he asked: 'What is it you want, sir?'"

The visitor turned. It was young Jolyon.

'The door was open,' he said. 'Might I see your wife for a minute, I have a message for her?'

Soames gave him a strange, sidelong stare.

'My wife can see no one,' he muttered doggedly.

Young Jolyon answered gently: 'I shouldn't keep her a minute.'

Soames brushed by him and barred the way.

'She can see no one,' he said again.

Young Jolyon's glance shot past him into the hall, and Soames turned. There in the drawing-room doorway stood Irene, her eyes were wild and eager, her lips were parted, her hands outstretched. In the sight of both men that light vanished from her face; her hands dropped to her sides; she stood like stone.

Soames spun around, and met his visitor's eyes, and at the look he saw in them, a sound like a snarl escaped him. He drew his lips back in the ghost of a smile.

'This is my house,' he said; 'I manage my own affairs. I've told you once--I'll tell you again; we are not at home.'

And in young Jolyon's face he slammed the door."⁽⁷⁹⁾

A similar understanding of characters is given through their actions in the later novels.

⁽⁷⁹⁾ John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 293, 294

home. There was returned home after the death of her lover.

"And sharply he asked: 'What is it you want, wife?'"

The visitor listened. It was young Jolyon.

"The door was open," he said. "What I saw your wife for a

moment, I have a message for her?"

Rebecca gave him a strange, sidelong stare.

"My wife can see no one," he answered dogmatically.

Young Jolyon answered gently: "I know that I have seen her a

moment."

Rebecca turned by him and parted the way.

"She can see no one," he said again.

Young Jolyon's glance shot past him into the hall, and

Rebecca turned. There in the drawing-room doorway stood Irene.

Her eyes were wild and eager, her lips were parted, her hands

outstretched. In the light of both her eyes and her hands looked from

her face; her hands dropped to her sides; she stood like a statue.

Rebecca rose around, and met his visitor's eyes, and at the

look he saw in hers, a sound like a snarl escaped him. He drew

his lips back in the ghost of a smile.

"This is my house," he said; "I manage my own affairs. I've

told you once--I'll tell you again; we are not at home."

And in young Jolyon's face he started the door. (77)

A similar understanding of character is given through their

actions in the later novels.

III EFFECT ON OTHERS

A character whose personality affects the people around him is endowed with living qualities. This treatment delineates the characters who are responsible for the effect as well as those who are affected so that it characterizes several individuals simultaneously. The portrayals resulting from this method are seen in perspective.

Usually only a few characters in a group are affected by a single person because of diversified interests and experiences as well as individual personalities. Sometimes a character moves through a novel without causing any effect because of extreme conformity to custom, or of insufficient delineation by the author or of lack of originality. In contrast with this is the unusual character who influences all the people in the story by direct or indirect contact. This influence may be seen to vary in the time required for response, in its permanency, in its intensity, and in its result.

Influences on characters may be due to like or dislike and may result in a pleasant attraction or in revolt. Reactions are physical or mental and may interfere or aid in the action as well as merely express disapproval or approval. In the novel of character it is desirable to delineate by giving effects whenever possible.

Mr. Galsworthy presents Irene Forsyte through the eyes of other characters in The Forsyte Saga so he develops clearly the method of delineation by effect on others. Irene evokes a response from all about her no matter how indirectly their associa-

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Usually only a few characters in a group are affected by a single person because of diversified interests and experiences as well as individual personalities. Sometimes a character moves through a novel without causing any effect because of extreme tendency to control, or of intellectual delusion, or the lack of oratorical ability. In contrast with this is the unusual character who influences all the people in the story by direct or indirect appeal. This influence may be seen to vary in the time required for response, in its permanency, in its intensity, and in its result.

Influences on characters may be due to like or dislike and may result in a pleasant attraction or in revolt. Reactions are physical or mental and may interfere or add to the action as well as merely express disapproval or approval. In the novel of character it is desirable to delineate by giving effects whenever possible.

Mr. Galworthy presents Irene Brown through the eyes of other characters in The Forsyte Saga so he develops clearly the method of delineation by effect on others. Irene evokes a response from all about her no matter how indirectly their associa-

tion may be. Her beauty, poise, and charming manner give her complete control over her associates. She causes them to forget their differences and completely love and sympathize with her.

Soames, at his first sight of Irene, "stood looking at her, the sensation that most men have felt at one time or another went stealing through him--a peculiar satisfaction of the senses, a peculiar certainty, which novelists and old ladies call love at first sight. Still stealthily watching he at once made his way to his hostess, and stood doggedly waiting for the music to cease.

.....

'Introduce me, please,' said Soames.

It was very little that he found to say, nor did he find her responsive to that little. But he went away with the resolution to see her again.

.....

She had looked at him over her slowly waving fan; and he had lost his head.

.....

An enigma to him from the day that he first saw her, she was an enigma to him still.....

Bosinney was waiting for him at the door; and on his rugged, good-looking face was a queer, yearning, yet happy look, as though he too saw a promise of bliss in the spring sky, sniffed a coming happiness in the spring air. Soames looked at him waiting there. What was the matter with the fellow that he looked so happy? What was he waiting for with that smile on his

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'Introduce me, please,' said Soames.

It was very little that he found to say, nor did he find her responsive to that little. But he went away with the resolution to see her again.

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An enigma to him from the day that he first saw her, she was an enigma to him still.....
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lips and in his eyes? Soames could not see that for which Bosinney was waiting as he stood there drinking in the flower-scented wind. And once more he felt baffled in the presence of this man whom by habit he despised." (80)

On seeing Irene in the park, "young Jolyon's attention was chiefly riveted by the look on her face, which reminded him of his wife.....It troubled him, arousing vague feelings of attraction and chivalry.....

Two young gentlemen of that peculiar breed, at once forward and shy, found in the Regents' Park, came by on their way to lawn tennis, and he noted with disapproval their furtive stares of admiration. A loitering gardener halted to do something unnecessary to a clump of pampas grass; he, too, wanted an excuse for peeping. A gentleman, old, and, by his hat, a professor of horticulture, passed thræ times to scrutinize her long and stealthily, a queer expression about his lips.

With all these men young Jolyon felt the same vague irritation. She looked at none of them, yet was he certain that every man who passed would look at her like that.

.....

Then her charming face grew eager, and, glancing round, with almost a lover's jealousy, young Jolyon saw Bosinney striding across the grass.

Curiously he watched the meeting, the look in their eyes, the long clasp of their hands. They sat down close together, linked for all their outward discretion." (81)

(80) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Man of Property, pages 234, 235

(81) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 100, 101

and in the event, however, it was not for which
 suddenly was waiting as he stood there waiting in the flower-
 bedded field. And once more he felt pulled in the presence of
 this man whom he had never before seen. (140)

On seeing Irene in the park, young Jolyon's attention was
 chiefly attracted by the look on her face, which reminded him of
 his wife. . . . It troubled him, troubled vague feelings of attrac-
 tion and sympathy. . . .

The young gentleman of that peculiar breed, at once forward
 and shy, found in the Regent's Park, came by on their way to
 lawn tennis, and he noted with disappointment their further status
 of admiration. A further gentleman halted to do something
 unnecessary to a group of gardeners; he, too, wanted an ex-
 cuse for passing. A gentleman, of , and, by his hat, a
 of horticulture, passed him twice to scrutinize her long and
 slightly, a queer expression about his face.

With all these men young Jolyon felt the same vague sym-
 pathy. The looked at none of them, yet was he certain that
 every one who passed would look at her like that.

There her slender face grew wiser, and, somehow, round,
 with almost a lover's radiance, young Jolyon saw something
 standing across the grass.

Although he reached the station, the look in their eyes,
 the look of their hands. They sat down close together,
 looked for all their outward dissimilarity. (141)

Irene's husband, Soames, is nearly as commonly disliked as she is admired.

"George stared at him. He had never liked Soames; he now held him responsible for Bosinney's death.

.....

Soames had done for him! And this judgment was in George's eyes.

.....

Clenching his fist on the paper, George crammed it into his pocket. He could not resist a parting shot.

'H'mm! All flourishing at home? Any little Soameses yet?'

With a face as white as the steps of Jobson's, and a lip raised as if snarling, Soames brushed past him and was gone."⁽⁸²⁾

Soames' violent disposition is emphasized by the effect of Irene's return to their home after the death of Philip Bosinney.

"She had come back then of her own accord, to the cage she had pined to be free of--and taking in all the tremendous significance of this, he longed to cry: 'Take your hated body, that I love, out of my house! Take away that pitiful white face, so cruel and soft--before I crush it. Get out of my sight; never let me see you again!'

.....

If only he could surrender to the desire: 'Make a slave of her--she is in your power!' "⁽⁸³⁾

⁽⁸²⁾ John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 291

⁽⁸³⁾ John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, pages 292, 293

In no other novel does the author depict so clearly as in The Man of Property by picturing the effect on others. Every meeting has significant effects on the characters which portray new qualities or which emphasize previously given qualities. Such writing is not great in amount but its power results from the quality and selectivity of material Mr. Gal~~sw~~orthy combines effect on others with all other methods, especially with psychological analysis. A use similar to that in The Man of Property is found in the novels which follow it but there is no further improvement in delineation of character.

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IV ENVIRONMENT

In the novel of character the picturing of environment aids greatly in giving reality to the people who live in it and who are affected by it. A home reflects many details of the character of its inhabitant. It is the result of the owner's tastes, of his training, and, often, of his nationality and position. It usually represents the thing for which the individual stands. A feeling of the locality in which the home is placed also expresses general characteristic traits which will be found in the person.

Mr. Galsworthy brings out individualities and creates vivid and appropriate atmosphere for the story by well selected pictures of the environment.

Villa Rubein is a country estate where a strange assemblage of people live congenially without sharing any sentiment. The individual characteristics resulting from this use of environment are not convincing since none of the characters is responsible for the Villa as a institution.

".....(There were) two great poplar trees, which stood, like sentinels, one on either side of an unweeded gravel walk leading through lilac bushes to a house painted dull pink, with green-shuttered windows, and a roof of greenish slate. Over the door in faded crimson letters, 'Villa Rubein' was written.

'That is to the stable,' said Greta, pointing down a path, where, on a wall, some pigeons sunned themselves." (84)

(84) John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein, pages 16, 17

In the novel of character the situation of environment is greatly in view, reality to the people who live in it and who are affected by it. A home reflects many details of the character of the inhabitant. It is the result of the owner's tastes, of his training, and, often, of his nationality and position. It usually represents the thing for which the individual stands. A feeling of the locality in which the home is placed also exercises general characteristics which will be found in the region.

Mr. Galworthy brings out individualities and creates vivid and appropriate atmosphere for the story by well selected pictures of the environment.

Villa Ruben is a country estate where a strange assemblage of people live contentedly without sharing any sentiment. The individual characteristics resulting from this use of environment are not convincing since none of the characters is responsible for the Villa as a institution.

".....(There were) two great copper trees, which stood, like sentinels, one on either side of an unweeded gravel walk leading through lilac bushes to a house painted dull pink, with green-shuttered windows, and a roof of greenish slate. Over the door in faded crimson letters, 'Villa Ruben,' was written.

'That is to the stable,' said Greta, pointing down a path, where, on a wall, some pigeons sunned themselves." (14)

Mr. John Galworthy, Villa Ruben, pages 12, 13

Except for a few references to the garden this is the only environment created in ~~the~~ Villa Rubein and this does practically nothing toward delineating its inhabitants.

Environment in The Island Pharisees is more impressive for it is frequently pictured and it is created around individuals.

Shelton....."looked out of the open window. Down in the street a footman was settling the rug over the knees of a lady in a carriage, and the decorous immovability of both their faces, which were clearly visible to him, was like a portion of a well-oiled engine.

He got up and walked up and down. His rooms, in a narrow square skirting Belgravia, were unchanged since the death of his father had made him a man of means. Selected for their centrality, they were furnished in a very miscellaneous way. They were not bare, but close inspection revealed that everything was damaged, more or less, and there was absolutely nothing that seemed to have an interest taken in it. His goods were accidents, presents, or the haphazard acquisitions of a pressing need. Nothing, of course, was frowsy, but everything was somewhat dusty; as if belonging to a man who never rebuked a servant. Above all, there was nothing that indicated hobbies." (85)

The home is given a London setting.

"Shelton walked home, letting the spring wind into him. It was Saturday, and he passed many silent couples. In every little patch of shadow he could see two forms standing or sitting close

(85) John Galsworthy, ^{the}Island Pharisees, pages 37, 38

Except for a few references to the garden this is the only environment created in the Villa Igel and this does practically nothing towards delineating its importance.

Environment in The Island Princess is more intensive for it is frequently stated and it is created around individuals.

"Shelton...." looked out of the open window. Down in the street a footman was carrying the rug over the knees of a lady in a carriage, and the decorous immobility of both their faces which were clearly visible to him, was like a portion of a well-oiled engine.

He got up and walked up and down. His room, in a narrow square opposite Belgrave, were unchanged since the death of his father had made him a man of means. Selected for their civility, they were furnished in a very miscellaneous way. They were not bare, but close inspection revealed that everything was damaged, more or less, and there was absolutely nothing that seemed to have an interest taken in it. His goods were accidents, presents, or the haphazard contributions of a pressing need. Nothing, of course, was throwy, but everything was somewhat dusty; as if belonging to a man who never rebuked a servant. Above all, there was nothing that indicated nobility." (22)

The home is given a London setting. "Shelton walked home, feeling the evening wind blow him. It was Belgrave, and he passed many silent couples. In every little patch of shadow he could see two forms standing or sitting alone

(23) John Galsworthy, The Island Princess, pages 27, 28

together, and in their presence Words the Impostors seemed to hold their tongues. The wind rustled the buds; the stars, one moment bright as diamonds, vanished the next. In the lower streets a large part of the world was under the influence of drink, but by this Shelton was far from being troubled." (86)

The homes of the Forsytes are distinctly pictured in The Forsyte Saga. Each reveals the individuality of its inhabitants as well as the common 'value and love of property.' The family is established.

"Their residences, placed at stated intervals round the park, watched like sentinels, lest the fair heart of this London, where their desires were fixed, should slip from their clutches, and leave them lower in their own estimations.

There was old Jolyon in Stanhope Place; the Jameses in Park Lane; Swithin in the lonely glory of orange and blue chambers in Hyde Park Mansions--he had never married, not he! --the Soameses in their nest off Knightsbridge; the Rogers in Prince's Gardens. ...

The Haymans again...in a house high up on Campden Hill, sharpened like a giraffe, and so tall that it gave the observer a crick in the neck; the Nicholases in Ladbroke Grove, a spacious abode and a great bargain; and last, but not least Timothy's on the Bayswater Road, where Ann, and Juley, and Hester, lived under his protection." (87)

Old Jolyon takes his son home for the first visit in fifteen years.

(86) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Island Pharisees, page 52
 (87) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property, page 16

together, and in their presence words the impostors seemed to hold their tongues. The wind rattled the hedges; the stars, one moment bright as diamonds, vanished the next. In the lower strata a large part of the world was under the influence of drink, but by this Shilton was far from being troubled." (20)

The homes of the Forsters are distinctly pictured in The Forster Saga. Each reveals the individuality of its inhabitant as well as the common values and love of property. The family is established.

"Their residences, placed at stated intervals round the park, watched like sentinels, kept the fair heart of this London where their desires were fixed, should slip from their clutches, and leave them lower in their own estimation."

There was old John in Stanhope Place; the Jamies in Park Lane; Swinton in the lonely glory of orange and blue chambers in Hyde Park Mansions--he had never married, not he!--the Rossmores in their nest off Knightsbridge; the Rogers in Prince's Gardens.

...
The Haymans again... in a house high up on Garden Hill, shrouded like a giraffe, and so tall that it gave the observer a crick in the neck; the Nicholases in Ladbroke Grove, a spacious abode and a great bargain; and last, but not least Timothy's on the Baywater Road, where Ann, and Daisy, and Hubert, lived under his protection." (21)

Old John takes his son home for the first visit in fifteen years.

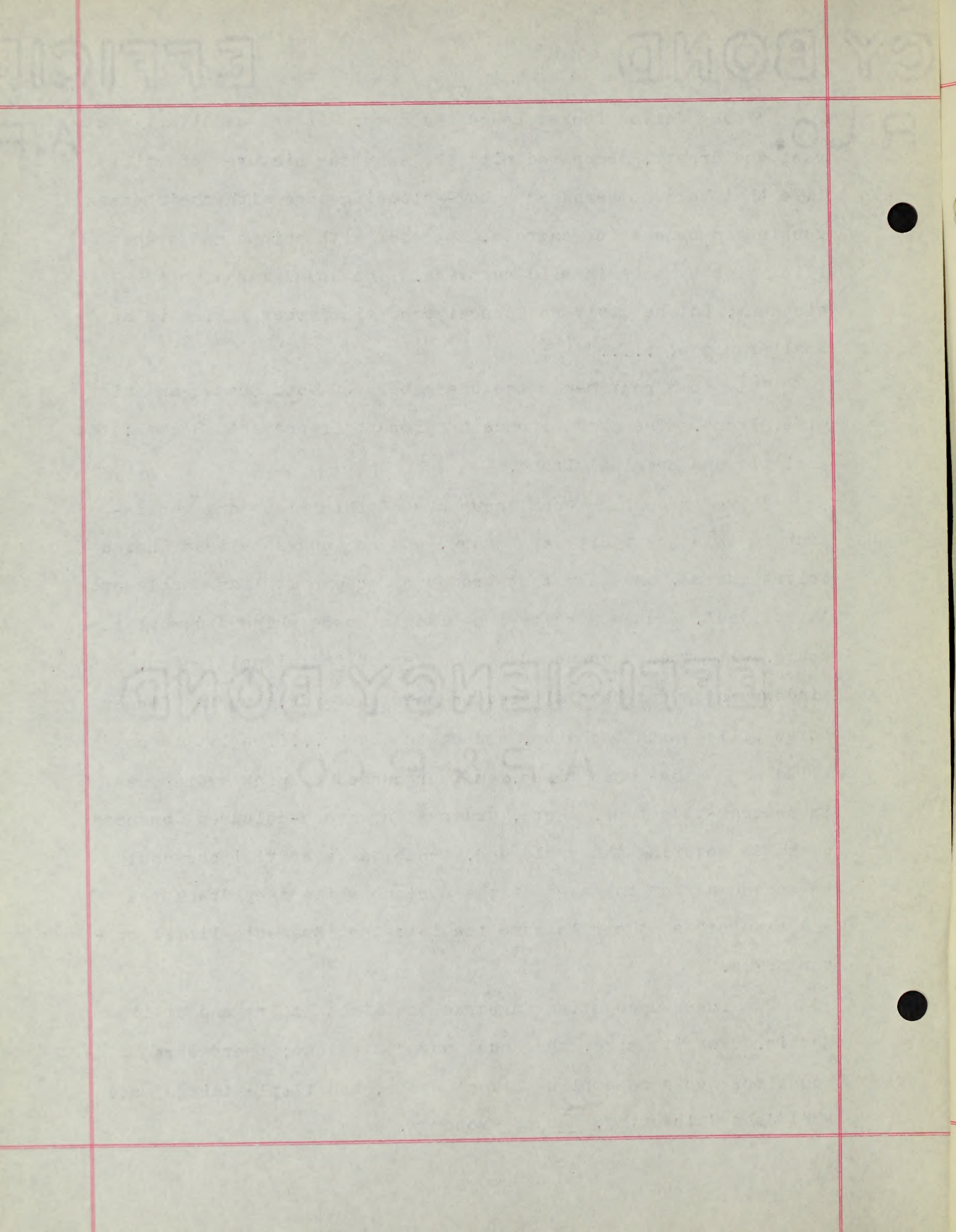
"Young Jolyon looked round the room. It was peculiarly vast and dreary, decorated with the enormous pictures of still life that he remembered as a boy--sleeping dogs with their noses resting on bunches of carrots, together with onions and grapes lying side by side in mild surprise. The house was a white elephant, but he could not conceive of his father living in a smaller place;" (88)

This home represents the characters of both Soames and his wife, Irene. The predominance of property represents Soames; the artistic and original Irene.

"Like the enlightened thousands of this class and generation in this great city of London, who no longer believe in red velvet chairs, and know that groups of modern Italian marble are 'vieux jeu', Soames Forsyte inhabited a house which did what it could. It owned a copper door knocker of individual design, windows which had been altered to open outwards, hanging flower boxes filled with fuchsias, and at the back a little court tiled with jade-green tiles, and surrounded by pink hydrangeas in peacock-blue tubs. Here, under a parchment-coloured Japanese sunshade covering the whole end, inhabitants or visitors could be screened from the eyes of the curious while they drank tea and examined at their leisure the latest of Soames's little silver boxes.

The inner decoration favoured the First Empire and William Morris. For its size, the house was commodious; there were countless nooks resembling birds' nests, and little things made

(88) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Man of Property, page 32



of silver were deposited like eggs." (89)

Young Jolyon, "lived in St. John's Wood, (in) a little house in Wistaria Avenue with a garden....." (90)

His home reflects the artistic tastes of Jolyon and his wife in spite of their unfortunate financial circumstances. "Old Jolyon sat down in the chintz-covered chair, and looked around him. The whole place seemed to him, as he would have expressed it, pokey; there was a certain--he could not tell exactly what--air of shabbiness, or rather of making two ends meet, about everything. As far as he could see, not a single piece of furniture was worth a five-pound note. The walls, distempered rather a long time ago, were decorated with water-colour sketches; across the ceiling meandered a long crack.

These little houses were all old, second-rate concerns; he should hope the rent was under one hundred a year; it hurt him more than he could have said, to think a Forsyte--his own son--living in such a place." (91)

Timothy's home personifies the staunch and 'correct' beliefs of its inhabitants. Jolyon "found the front drawing room full. It was full enough in the best of times--without visitors--without any one in it--for Timothy and his sisters, following the tradition of their generation, considered that a room was not quite 'nice' unless it was 'properly' furnished. It held, therefore, eleven chairs, a sofa, three tables, two cabinets, innumerable knickknacks, and part of a large grand piano. And

(89) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Man of Property, page 57

(90) John Galsworthy, "Man of Property", page 73

(91) John Galsworthy, The Man of Property page 73.

river were described last page. (189)

Young Tolyon, ... "lived in St. John's ... (190)

little house in ... (191)

His house reflected the artistic tastes of Tolyon and his wife

in spite of their unfortunate financial circumstances. "Oh,

Tolyon sat down in the chair-covered chair, and looked around

him. The whole place seemed to him, as he would have expressed

it, foolish; there was a certain--he could not tell exactly what--

of a ... (192)

everything. As far as he could see, not a single piece of

furniture was worth a five-pound note. The walls, decorated with

a long time ago, were decorated with water-colour sketches;

over the ceiling, scattered a long track.

These little houses were all old, second-rate cottages; he

should have the rent was under one hundred a year; it had his

name that he could have said, to think a ... (193)

thing to such a place." (194)

Tolyon's home represented the standard and 'correct' be-

lieve of its inhabitants. Tolyon "found the front drawing room

full. It was full enough in the best of times--without visitors--

without any one in it--for Tolyon and his sisters, following

the tradition of their generation, considered that a room was

not quite 'wholesome' unless it was 'furnished'. It held,

therefore, eleven chairs, a sofa, three tables, two ... (195)

... (196)

... (197)

... (198)

... (199)

... (200)

now, occupied by Mrs. Small, Aunt Hester, by Swithin, James, Rachel, Winifred, Euphemia, who had come in again to return 'Passion and Paregoric' which she had read at lunch, and her chum Frances, Roger's daughter, there was only one chair left unoccupied, except, of course, the two that nobody ever sat on--and the only standing room was occupied by the cat, on whom old Jolyon promptly stepped." (92)

Soames stood on the balcony, at Roger's home, where he was being entertained with a dance, "and looked down into the street.

A carriage had driven up with late arrivals, and round the door hung some of those patient watchers of the London streets who spring up to the call of light or music; their faces, pale and upturned above their black and rusty figures, had an air of solid watching that annoyed Soames: Why were they allowed to hang about; why didn't the bobby move them on?

.....

Across the road, through the railings, Soames could see the branches of trees shining, faintly stirring in the breeze, by the gleam of the street lamps; beyond, again, the upper lights of the houses on the other side, so many eyes looking down on the quiet blackness of the garden; and over all, the sky, that wonderful London sky, dusted with the innumerable reflection of countless lamps; a dome woven over between its stars with the refraction of human needs and human fancies--immense mirror of pomp and misery that night after night stretches its kindly mocking over miles of houses and gardens, mansions and squalor, (92) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, page 153

now, occupied by Mr. Small, Aunt Bessie, and William, James, Rachel, Minnie, and Charles, who had come in again to return 'Fanny and Parvula' which she had read at lunch, and her other friends, Roger's daughter, . . . there was only one who left undisturbed, except of course, the two that nobody ever saw - and the only standing room was occupied by the dog, on whom old John strongly stepped." (97)

Roscoe stood on the balcony, at Roger's home, where he was being entertained with a dance, "and looked down into the street. A carriage had driven up with late arrivals, and round the foot path some of those patient waiters of the London streets who bring up to the call of light or music; their faces, pale and upturned above their black and heavy eyebrows, had an air of cold waiting that annoyed Roscoe: Why were they allowed to stand about; why didn't the boys leave them out?"

Across the road, through the tallings, Roscoe could see the branches of trees shining, faintly shining in the breeze, the glass of the street lamp; beyond, again, the upper lights of the houses on the other side, so many eyes looking down on the quiet darkness of the garden; and over all, the sky, that wonderful London sky, dusted with the innumerable reflection of countless lamps; a soft woven cover between the stars with the fraction of human needs and human fancy--fancies--of good and evil; that night after night stretches its kindly, smiling over hills of houses and gardens, mansions and villages, (98) John Galsworthy, *Man of Property*, page 113

over Forsytes, policemen, and patient watchers in the streets." (93)

Soames and Irene "sat, by the firelight, in the silence, one on each side of the hearth.

And the fume of the burning cedar logs, that he loved so well, seemed to grip Soames by the throat till he could bear it no longer. And going out into the hall he flung the door wide, to gulp down the cold air that came in; then without hat or overcoat went out into the Square.

Along the garden rails a half-starved cat came rubbing her way toward him.

At a front door across the way was a man of his acquaintance named Rutter, scraping his boots

From far in the clear air the bells of the church where he and Irene had been married were pealing in 'practice' for the advent of Christ, the chimes ringing out above the sound of traffic.

.....

On the far side of the Square newspaper boys were calling their evening wares, and the ghoulish cries mingled and jangled with the sound of those church bells.

.....

Then all was still again in the dark, where the houses seemed to stare at him." (94)

This vivid picturing of a London fog with the atmosphere of complete helplessness is remarkable.

(93) John Galsworthy, ^{The} Man of Property, page 168

(94) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 292, 293

over, however, policeman, and called witnesses in the street. As
Hosmer and Irene went, by the firelight, to the stairs, one
on each side of the hearth.

And the time of the burning cedar logs, that he loved so
well, seemed to Eric Hosmer by the light of the fire that he could hear it
no longer. And going out into the hall he found the door wide,
to find down the cold air that came in; then without hat or over-
coat went out into the square.

Along the garden rail a half-starved cat came rubbing her
way toward him.

At a front door across the way was a man of his acquaintance
named Ruster, scratching his boots.

From far in the clear air the bells of the church where he
and Irene had been married were pealing in 'traveller' for the
advent of Christ, the other ringing out above the sound of
traffic.

On the far side of the square newspaper boys were calling
their evening wares, and the shouting cries mingled and jangled
with the sound of those church bells.

Then all was still again in the dark, where the houses
seemed to stare at him.
This vivid picture of a London fog with the atmosphere of
complete silence is remarkable.

3. John Galsworthy, Lord of Property, page 168
(4) John Galsworthy, Lord of Property, page 168, 169

George Forsyte sees Bosinney meet and speak to "Mrs. Soames."

....."He followed Bosinney up the stairs, past the ticket collector into the street.

.....

He followed close behind Bosinney's elbow and shadowed him out into the fog. There was something here beyond a jest!...

Bosinney walked right out into the thoroughfare--a vast muffled blackness, where a man could not see six paces before him; where, all around, voices or whistles mocked the sense of direction; and sudden shapes came rolling slow upon them; and now and then a light showed like a dim island in an infinite dark sea.

But a voice yelled at him, and he started back. A cab rolled out of the blackness, and into blackness disappeared. And suddenly George perceived that he had lost Bosinney. He ran forward and back, felt his heart clutched by a sickening fear, the dark fear that lives in the wings of the fog." (95)

The atmosphere of Robin Hill, the country estate of Jolyon, is beautifully expressed.

"Far-off a cuckoo called; a wood pigeon was cooing from the first elm tree in the field, and how the daisies and buttercups had sprung up after the last mowing! The wind had got into the sou'-west, too--a delicious air, snappy! Down here--away from the exigencies of affairs--his (Jolyon's) grandchildren, and the flowers, trees, birds of his little domain, to say nothing of the sun and moon and stars above them, said, 'Open,

(95) John Galsworthy, ^{the} Man of Property, pages 250, 251, 252, 253

George Forster went to the door and looked in. "Come in,"

...."He followed Forster... on the stairs, past the

nearest collector into the street.

.....

He followed close behind Forster's elbow.... and when

he came out into the day. There was something here beyond a fence...

Forster walked right out into the bright day...

and looked at the sky; where a man could not see six paces before

him; where, all around, voices or whistles mocked the sense of

direction; and sudden shapes came rolling slow upon them; and

now and then a light showed like a dim island in an infinite

dark sea.

But a voice yelled at him, and he started back. A cab

rolled out of the darkness, and into darkness disappeared.

And suddenly George perceived that he had lost Forster. He ran

forward and back, felt his heart clutched by a sickening fear,

the dark fear that lives in the wings of the fog. (92)

The atmosphere of Robin Hill, the country estate of Forster,

is beautifully expressed.

"Far-off a cuckoo called; a wood pigeon was cooing from the

first elm tree in the field, and how the daisies and buttercups

had bowed up after the last downy! The wind had got into the

east-west, too--a delicious air, happy! Down here--

away from the excitement of affairs--his (Forster's) grandchild--

then, and the flowers, trees, birds of his little domain, to say

nothing of the sun and moon and stars above them, said, 'Come,

(92) John Galsworthy, Man of Property, pages 250, 251, 252, 253

sesame,' to him day and night. But nowadays Nature actually made him ache, he appreciated it so." (96)

The reader is transported to the very spots which Mr. Galsworthy's characters love and occupy. The delineation of characters through an understanding of their environments continues to be distinctly expressed in novels of character.

The Indian Pharos, which are experimental yet indicative of his style and quality of expression, he delineates characters very little through direct exposition. This is a notable weakness in portrayal. Description is little better developed than exposition so that the characters are neither clearly explained nor vividly pictured for the reader.

The development of psychological analysis in The Indian Pharos is significant for it creates a few vital characters whose mental reactions are presented as indirect access or, occasionally, as stream of consciousness. The use of reports is negligible.

The solution of character delineation is attained in The Man of Property by a careful balance and combining of all the methods of delineation. Exposition provides for the reader relevant data; description, discreet portraiture; psychological analysis, lucid insight; reports arouse curiosity. The vital quality results from a combination of several methods which tends to present characters as nicely balanced. Having attained this perfection of literary form, Mr. Galsworthy continues to use such a combination of method through his later novels.

(96) John Galsworthy, ^{The} Indian Summer of a Forsyte, page 298.

seems, 'to his day and night. . . . But how have things actually

made him some, he appreciated it as." (29)

The reader is transported to the very spots which Mr.

Salisbury's characters love and occupy. The delineation of
characters through an understanding of their sentiments con-
tributes to an distinctly expressed in novels of character.

SUMMARY

Direct delineation of character is accomplished by four distinct methods, namely: exposition; description; psychological analysis; reports of characters. Mr. Galsworthy employs, in varying degrees, all the direct methods in creating his real and loveable characters. In his early novels, Villa Rubein and The Island Pharisees, which are experimental yet indicative of his style and quality of expression, he delineates characters very little through direct exposition. This is a notable weakness in portrayal. Description is little better developed than exposition so that the characters are neither clearly explained nor vividly pictured for the reader.

The development of psychological analysis in The Island Pharisees is significant for it creates a few vital characters whose mental reactions are presented as indirect speech or, occasionally, as stream of consciousness. The use of reports is negligible.

The epitome of character delineation is attained in The Man of Property by a careful balancing and combining of all the methods of delineation. Exposition provides for the reader relevant data; description, discreet portraiture; psychological analysis, lucid insight; reports arouse curiosity. The vital quality results from a combination of several methods which tends to present characters as nicely balanced. Having attained this perfection of literary form, Mr. Galsworthy continues to use such a combination of method through his later novels. However, he does place emphasis on one method of delineation

Direct definition of character is accomplished by four distinct methods, namely: exposition; description; psychological analysis; and reports of characters. Mr. Galsworthy employs in varying degrees, all the direct methods in creating his real and loveable characters. In his early novels, Willie Hebble and The Island Pharisae, which are experimental yet indicative of his type and quality of expression, he delineates characters very little through direct exposition. This is a notable weakness in portrayal. Description is little better developed than exposition so that the characters are neither clearly explained nor vividly pictured for the reader.

The development of psychological analysis in The Island Pharisae is significant for it creates a few vital characters whose mental reactions are presented as direct speech or, occasionally, as stream of consciousness. The use of reports is negligible. The outline of character definition is attained in The Man of Property by a careful balance and combining of all the methods of delineation. Exposition provides for the reader relevant data; description, direct portrayal; psychological analysis, insight; reports arouse curiosity. The vital quality results from a combination of several methods which tends to present characters as nicely balanced. Having attained this perfection of literary form, Mr. Galsworthy continues to use such a combination of method through his later novels. However, he does place emphasis on one method of delineation

or on another according to the target of his satire. In general, Mr. Galsworthy delineates by direct methods whenever he needs to portray rapidly and clearly.

Methods of indirect delineation of character may be divided into the following: speech; action; effect of a character on others; environment. In the experimental novels of Mr. Galsworthy dialogue is the best developed single method of delineation. The style is natural and direct, although not always adapted to individuals. Actions are developed in The Island Pharisees so that every gesture is significant in depicting characters. Influence on other characters and environment are less effectively employed. In The Man of Property the author reaches the height of development of the indirect methods. Speech discloses depth of characters; impulsive actions reveal temperaments, while deliberate actions express control; effect on characters plays a dual role of simultaneous delineation; environment reveals the interrelationship of people to their surroundings. It is this success in literary portrayal combined with Mr. Galsworthy's insight into human nature and appreciation of beauty which makes characters such as Irene and Jolyon move and talk and think like real people. Even Irene, who is seen through the eyes of others, is as actual as the occasional mysterious woman with whom each of us has, at some time, come in contact. We feel that we really know Jolyon, that we could go to him for solace as to a youthful-minded grandfather. We feel, in fact, as if we have been taken into the intimate family circle of Forsytes.

or on another according to the nature of his action. In general, Mr. Galsworthy believes by direct methods whenever he needs to convey rapidly and clearly.

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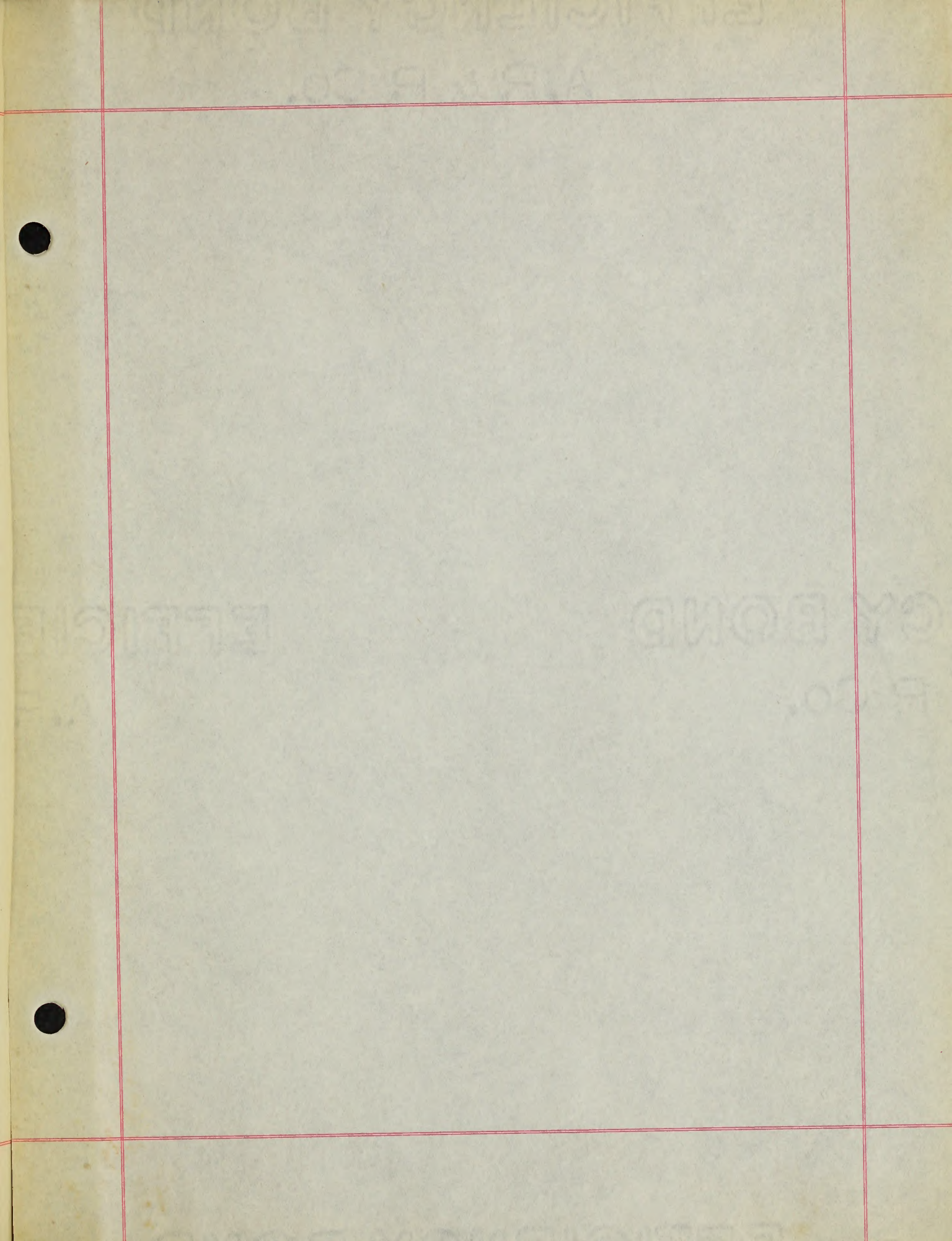
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